

THE LIVING AGE.

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MUSIC.

When sorrow grips the heart we turn
 aside
 From music's underpassion, wild or
 sweet;
 'Tis agony to hear those strains that
 chide
 Our coward soul, because we would
 entreat
 Poor ruined dreams to sleep. . . . There
 is no spell
 So wonderful as music's cruel power
 To lead the soul to torture and to hell.
 And yet, O yet, the rhythm of the
 flower
 Concerting with the tender twilight
 breeze;
 The homing thrush sending his golden
 psalm
 To mingle with the murmur in the
 trees:
 These are the songs that lend a lovely
 calm
 To memories august, till all the pain
 Is softened, and the past is blessed
 again.

Lilian Street.

HYMN TO PERSEPHONE.

Thou art she that our manhood de-
 sires
 When Athene sufficeth not unto our
 need,
 For the gods that give no hope in
 death are but liars—
 We leave them at length and their
 creed.
 But thou art our goddess indeed
 Who art clothed in mystery and fear
 And living or dying thou makest our
 nede,
 Persephone, hear!

Dost thou muse on that Mysian com-
 motion
 When a maiden played in the mead
 flower-strown
 With the fairest and sweetest-named
 daughters of Ocean
 And wandered afar and alone?
 Fair was she as a dream of her own
 And the light of her face as sunshine.
 And her bodily grace had faultlessly
 grown,
 Persephone, thine.

In what changes of sorrow and
 sweetness
 Hast thou to our wonder and joy not
 drawn breath,
 O thou who through many fair vis-
 ions' completeness
 Art fairest and first seen in death!
 And the youngest of lovers who saith
 That his life shall outlast not his vow
 Knoweth not what a late love shall
 break that fair faith,
 Persephone, thou.

Thou alone hast redeemed the night
 Of our death from its dire desolation
 and dread.
 Thou hast filled it with hopes of hap-
 piness bright
 As the stars of our heaven overhead,
 And over the way of the dead
 Thy presence doth radiance keep
 Like the sister of day with her sweet
 gift outspread,
 Persephone, sleep.

And only on us who are thine,
 On us who have known all thy mys-
 teries' store,
 And only on us, doth the golden sun
 shine
 And gladness lie ever before;
 While the spirit of life evermore
 Like a star guides us, holy and free,
 And as blessed in death as in life we
 adore

Persephone, thee.

Archibald Stalker.

The Speaker.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLE
LADY.

Time, when thou shalt bring again
 Pallas from the Trojan plain,
 Portia from the Roman's hall,
 Brynhild from the fiery wall,
 Eleanor, whose fearless breath
 Drew the venom'd fangs of Death,
 And Phillippa doubly brave
 Or to conquer or to save—
 When thou shalt on one bestow
 All their grace and all their glow,
 All their strength and all their state,
 All their passion pure and great,
 Some far age may honor then
 Such another queen of men.

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

JOHN STUART MILL.

It was no bad usage of the old Romans to bring down from its niche the waxen image of an eminent ancestor on the anniversary of his natal day, and to recall his memory and its lineaments, even though time and all its wear and tear should have sprinkled a little dust, or chipped a feature. Nor was the Alexandrian sage unwise who deemed himself unworthy of a birthday feast and kept its very date strictly secret, yet sacrificed to the gods and entertained his friends on the birthdays of Socrates and Plato. Nobody would have been more severely displeased than Mill at an attempt to exalt him to a level in the empyrean with those two immortal shades; yet he was of the Socratic household. He was the first guide and inspirer of a generation that has now all but passed away; and it may perhaps be counted among the *sollemnia pietatis*, the feasts and offices of grateful recollection, in an Easter holiday from more clamorous things, to muse for a day upon the teacher who was born on the twentieth of May a hundred years ago.

Mill was once called by Mr. Gladstone the saint of rationalism, and the designation was a happy one. The canonization of a saint in the Roman communion is preceded by the dozen or more preliminary steps of beatification; and the books tell us that the person to be beatified must be shown to have practised in a signal degree the three theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Temperance. I think Mill would emerge in perfect safety from such an inquisition, on any rational or rationalistic interpretation of those high terms; nor need we be at all afraid that the *advocatus diaboli* will find fatal

flaws in any deposition that time's unkind hand may bring to light. His life was true to his professions, and was no less tolerant, liberal, unselfish, single-minded, high, and strenuous than they were.

Nobody who claims to deal as a matter of history with the intellectual fermentation between 1840 and 1870 or a little longer, whatever value the historian may choose to set upon its products, can fail to assign a leading influence to Mill. One of the choicest spirits of our age, for example, was Henry Sidgwick, and he has told how he began his study of philosophy with the works of Mill, "who, I think, had attained the full height (1860) of that remarkable influence which he exercised over youthful thought, and perhaps I may say the thought of the country generally, for a period of some years." "No one thinker, so far as I know, has ever had anything like equal influence in the forty years or so that have elapsed since Mill's dominion began to weaken." To dilate on Mill's achievements, said Herbert Spencer, "and to insist upon the wideness of his influence over the thought of his time, and consequently over the action of his time, seems to me superfluous." Spencer was rightly chary of random compliments, yet he declared that he should value Mill's agreement more than that of any other thinker. It would be easy to collect copious testimony to this extraordinary supremacy. One may recall Taine's vivacious dialogue with some Oxford friend, actual or imaginary, in the sixties:—

What have you English got that is original?—Stuart Mill.—What is Stuart Mill?—A publicist; his little book on *Liberty* is as good as your Rousseau's *Social Contract* is bad, for Mill con-

cludes as strongly for the independence of the individual as Rousseau for the despotism of the State.—That is not enough to make a philosopher. What else?—An economist, who goes beyond his science, and subordinates production to man, instead of subordinating man to production.—Still not enough to make a philosopher. What more?—A logician.—Of what school?—His own. I told you he was an original. —Then who are his friends?—Locke and Comte in the front; then Hume and Newton.—Is he systematic?—a speculative reformer?—Oh he has far too much mind for that. He does not pose in the majesty of a restorer of science; he does not proclaim, like your Germans, that his book is going to open a new era for the human race. He walks step by step, a little slowly, and often close to the ground across a host of instance and example. He excels in giving precision to an idea, in disentangling a principle, in recovering it from under a crowd of different cases, in refuting, in distinguishing, in arguing.—Has he arrived at any great conception of a Whole?—Yes.—Has he a personal and complete idea of nature and the human mind?—Yes.

Though the reader, if he be so minded, may smile at this to-day, still it is a true summary of the claim then made for Mill, of the position generally assented to (by Taine himself among others), and of aims partially if not wholly achieved. Bentham founded a great school, James Mill inspired a political group, Dugald Stewart impressed a talented band with love of virtue and of truth. John Mill possessed for a time a more general ascendancy than any of these. Just as Macaulay's Essays fixed literary and historical subjects for the average reader, so the writings of Mill set the problems and defined the channels for people with a taste for political thinking and thinking deeper than political. He opened all the ground, touched all the issues, posed all the questions in the spheres where the intellects of men must be

most active. It is true, Mill's fame and influence are no longer what they were. How should they be? As if perpetuity of direct power or of personal renown could fall to any philosopher's lot, outside the little group consecrated by tradition. Books outside of the enchanted realm of art and imagination become spent forces; men who were the driving agents of their day sink into literary names, and take a faded place in the catalogue of exhausted influences.

The philosophic teacher's fame, like the statesman's or the soldier's—like the great navigator's, inventor's, or discoverer's—*é color d'erba*, is like the grass, whose varying hue—

Doth come and go—by that same sun destroyed
From whose warm ray its vigor first it drew.

New needs emerge. Proportions change. Fresh strata are uncovered. Theories once charged with potency evaporate. So a later generation must play umpire. How should Mill be better off than Grotius or Montesquieu, Descartes or Locke, or Jean Jacques, or any of the others who in their day shook the world, or lighted up some single stage of the world's dim journey? As is well put for our present case, a work great in itself and of exclusive authorship is not the only way in which original power manifests itself. "A multitude of small impressions," says Bain, the most sinewy of Mill's allies, "may have the accumulated effect of a mighty whole. Who shall sum up Mill's collective influence as an instructor in politics, ethics, logic, and metaphysics? No calculus can integrate the innumerable little pulses of knowledge and of thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation."

The amazing story of his education is well known from his own account of it.

In after years he told Miss Caroline Fox, whose "Journals" are the most attractive of all the surviving memorials of Mill, "that his father made him study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. This method of early intense application he would not recommend to others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. 'I never was a boy,' he said, 'never played at cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way.'" He has told us what were his father's moral inculcations—justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labor; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. But James Mill, when all was said, "thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of satisfied curiosity had gone by." He would sometimes say that if life were made what it might be by good government and good education, it would be worth having, but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. Passionate emotions he regarded as a form of madness, and the intense was a byword of scornful disapprobation. In spite of training his son grew to be very different. John Mill's opinions on subjects where emotion was possible or appropriate were suffused by feeling; and admiration, anger, contempt often found intense enough expression. Nor did a hint ever escape him about life being "a poor thing at best." All pointed the other way. "Happiness," he once wrote, "is not a life of rapture; but moments of such in an existence made up of few and transitory pains, many and

various pleasures, with a decided predominance of the active over the passive, and having as the foundation of the whole not to expect from life more than it is capable of bestowing." Even friendly philosophers have denounced this as a rash and off-hand formula, and they may be right; for anything that I know, analysis might kill it. Meanwhile it touches at least three vital points in a reasonable standard for a life well laid out. Mill had his moments of discouragement, but they never lasted long and never arrested effort.

He realized how great an expenditure of the reformer's head and heart, to use his own phrase, went in vain attempts to make the political dry bones live. With cheerful stoicism he accepted this law of human things. "When the end comes," he wrote to a friend in pensive vein, "the whole of life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then will be, Has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been, for however short a time, a source of happiness and of moral good even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variation of creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this. Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and circumstances being both duly considered, and then do it." This responsibility for life and gifts was once put by Mr. Gladstone as a threefold disposition to resist the tyranny of self; to recognize the rule of duty; to maintain the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature. Mill had none of Mr. Gladstone's faith in an over-ruling Providence; but in a famous passage he set out his conviction that social feeling in men themselves might do as well:—

This firm foundation is that of the social feelings of mankind; the desire to be in unity with our fellow creatures, which is already a powerful principle in human nature, and happily one of those which tend to become stronger, even without express inculcation, from the influences of civilization. Men are under a necessity of conceiving themselves as at least abstaining from all the grosser injuries, and (if only for their own protection) living in a state of constant protest against them. They are also familiar with the fact of co-operating with others, and proposing to themselves a collective, not an individual, interest, as the aim (at least for the time being) of their actions. . . . Not only does all strengthening of social ties, and all healthy growth of society, give to each individual a stronger personal interest in practically consulting the welfare of others; it also leads him to identify his feelings more and more with their good or at least with an ever greater degree of practical consideration for it. He comes, as though instinctively, to be conscious of himself as a being who of course pays regard to others. The good of others becomes to him a thing naturally and necessarily to be attended to, like any of the physical conditions of our existence. . . . In an improving state of mind, the influences are constantly on the increase which tend to generate in each individual a feeling of unity with all the rest; which feeling, if perfect, would make him never think of, or desire, any beneficial condition for himself, in the benefits of which they are not included.

The failure of what he regarded as an expiring theology made this exaltation of social feeling a necessity. One profound master sentiment with Mill was passionate hatred for either coarse or subtle abuse of power. Hatred of oppression in all its forms burned deep in his inmost being. It inspired those fierce pages against the maleficence of Nature (in the "Three Essays on Religion"), his almost vindictive indictment of Nature's immorality—immoral

because "the course of natural phenomena is replete with everything that when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence; so that any one who endeavored in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men."

This poignant piece is perhaps the only chapter to be found in his writings where he throws aside his ordinary measure of reserve, and allows himself the stern relief of vehement and exalted declamation. The same wrath that blazes in him when he is asked to use glozing words about the moral atrocities of Nature to man, breaks out unabated when he recounts the tyrannical brutalities of man to woman. Nor even did the flame of his indignation burn low, when he thought of the callous recklessness of men and women to helpless animals—our humble friends and ministers whose power of loyalty, attachment, patience, fidelity so often seems to deserve as good a word as human or a better.

The great genius of Pity in that age was Victor Hugo, and a superb genius it was. But in Mill pity and wrath at the wrong and the stupidities of the world nerved him to steadfast work and thought in definite channels. His postulate of a decided predominance of the active over the passive meant devotion of thought to practical ends. His life was not stimulated by mere intellectual curiosity, but by the resolute purpose of furthering human improvement. Nor had he the love that prompts some strong men for dialectic for its own sake; he would have cared as little for this vain eristic, as he cared for the insipid pleasures and spurious business that go to make up the lower species of men of the world. His daily work at the old East India House; vigorous and profitable disputation with a chosen circle of helpful friends; much travelling; lending a hand in reviews or

wherever else he saw a way of spreading the light—such were the outer events. In all he was bent on making the most of life as a sacred instrument for good purposes. The production of two such works as the "*Logic*" (1843) and the "*Political Economy*" (1848) was drain enough on vital energy. They were the most sustained of his efforts. But he never desisted or stood still. His correspondence with Comte, to whom he owed and avowed so large a debt, is the most vivid illustration of the vigor and tenacity with which he threw himself day after day and year after year into the formation and propagation of what he took for right opinions.

He sat in the House of Commons for Westminster during a short and a bad Parliament (1865-68) where old parties were at sea, new questions were insincerely handled, and the authority of leaders was dubious and disputable. The oratory happened to be brilliant, but Mill was never of those who make the ideal of government to be that which consists "in the finest speeches made before the steadiest and largest majority." Fawcett, the most devoted of all his personal and political adherents, and at that time himself a member, used to insist that Mill's presence in the House was of value as raising the moral tone of that powerful but peculiar assembly. At the same time he could not but deplore the excessive sensitiveness to duty and conscience that made Mill nail himself to his seat from the opening of every sitting to its end. Mill would perhaps have had a better chance of real influence in our more democratic House to-day, than in that hour of unprincipled faction and bewildered strategy. As it was, members felt that his presence was in some way an honor to them, and they listened with creditable respect to speeches that were acute, well-argued, apt for the occasion, and not too long nor too many.

But, after all, Mill was not of them, and he was not at home with them. Disraeli is said to have called him "a political finishing governess." Bright, when privately reproached for dissenting on the ballot or something else from so great a thinker, replied in his gruffest tone that the worst of great thinkers is that they generally think wrong. The sally would have been ungrateful if it had been serious, for on all the grand decisive issues—American Slavery, Free Trade, Reform—Mill and Bright fought side by side. He was sometimes spoken of for the India Office when the time should come, and he undoubtedly knew more of India than all Secretaries of State ever installed there put together. But he had refused a seat on the Indian Council when it was first formed, for the reason that he doubted the working of the new system; and as it happened, he lost his seat in Parliament before the Liberals returned to power (when, by the way, India was proposed to Bright). So we cannot test Mill by the old Greek saw that office shows the man. His true ambition, and a lofty one it must be counted, was to affect the course of events in his time by affecting the course of thought.

It is a curious irony that the author of the inspiring passage on Social Feeling above quoted should be a target for slings and arrows from Socialist sects, as the cold apostle of hardened individualism. As if the obnoxious creed in this, its narrow sense, were in those days possible to any reflective mind of Mill's calibre. The terrific military surge that swept and roared over Europe for a quarter of a century after the fall of the French Monarchy in 1789, no sooner drew back from the shore than there emerged what we summarily style the Social Question. Catholic writers of marked grasp and vision entered upon the field of social reconstruction with Conservative sword

and trowel in their hands, to be followed in due time by champions from within the same fold, and aiming at the same reconciliation, but armed with the antagonistic principles of Liberalism. In England Bentham and his school applied themselves to social reform, mainly in the sphere of law, with the aid of democratic politics. All that was best and soundest in Benthamism was absorbed by Mill. He widened its base, deepened the philosophic foundations, and in his "Logic" devised an approach to reform from a novel direction, far away from platforms, Cabinets, Bills, and electioneering posters. "The notion," he says in his Autobiography, "that truths external to the mind may be known by intuition or consciousness, independently of observation or experience, is, I am persuaded, in these times, the great intellectual support of false doctrines and bad institutions. By the aid of this theory every inveterate belief and every intense feeling, of which the origin is not remembered, is enabled to dispense with the obligation of justifying itself by reason, and is erected into its own all-sufficient voucher and justification. There never was such an instrument devised for consecrating all deep-seated prejudices."

The "Logic" was an elaborate attempt to perform the practical task of dislodging intuitive philosophy, as a step towards sounder thinking about society and institutions; as a step, in other words, towards Liberalism.

In 1861 Taine wrote a chapter on the book, and Mill said no more exact or complete idea of its contents as a body of philosophic doctrine could be found. But he demurred to Taine's description of its psychology as peculiarly English, and Mill's words give an interesting glimpse of his own view of his place in the filiation of philosophy. The psychology was peculiarly English, he says, in the first half of the eighteenth

century, beginning with Locke, down to the reaction against Hume. This reaction, beginning in Scotland, long dressed itself in German form, and ended by invading the whole field. "When I wrote my book, I stood nearly alone in my opinion; and though my way of looking at matters found a degree of sympathy that I did not expect, there were still to be found in England twenty *a priori* and spiritualist philosophers for one partisan of the doctrine of experience. Throughout the whole of our reaction of seventy years, the philosophy of experience has been regarded as French, just as you qualify it as English. Each view is a mistake. The two systems follow each other by law of reaction all over the world. Only the different countries never exactly coincided either in revolution or counter-revolution."

There is no room here to state, discuss, estimate, or classify Mill's place in the stream of philosophic history. The volume of criticism to which he exposed such extensive surface was immense, and soon after his death the hostile tide began pretty rapidly to rise. T. H. Green, at the height of his influence in Oxford, assailed Mill's main positions both in logic and metaphysics. Dr. Caird urged fresh objections. They multiplied. It was inevitable that they should. Those later writings of his which brought Mill's vogue to a climax, appeared at the very moment when there broke upon the scene the overwhelming floods of evolutionary speculation, which seemed destined to shift or sweep away the beacons that had lighted his philosophic course. "Liberty," for instance, was published in 1859, the very year of Darwin's "Origin of Species." As one of the most ardent disciples of the school has put the matter in slightly excited form—when the new progressive theories burst upon the world, Comte was left stranded, Hegel was relegated with a bow to a few

Oxford tutors, Buckle was exploded like an inflated windbag, and "even Mill himself—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—was felt to be lacking in full appreciation of the dynamic and kinetic element in universal nature." Mill has not been left without defenders. One of them (Mr. Hobhouse in his "Theory of Knowledge") holds that the head and front of his offending was that, unlike other philosophers, he wrote intelligibly enough for inconsistencies to be found out. Mr. Haldane, who regards the "Examination of Hamilton" as the greatest of Mill's writings, vindicates a place for him as going far down in the deepest regions of ontology, as coming near to the old conclusions of the Germans long ago, "conclusions to which many writers and thinkers of our time are now tending." The third book of the "Logic" (on Induction) is counted by competent judges to be the best work he ever did. So far, the most elaborate exposition, criticism, and amplification of Mill's work and thought has come from the brave and true-hearted Leslie Stephen, in one of his three volumes on the Utilitarians.

Whether Mill tried to pass "by a highway in the air" from psychological hedonism to utilitarianism; whether his explanation of the sentence, "the Marshal Niel is a yellow rose," be right or wrong; whether the basis on which he founds induction be strong or weak; whether his denial of the accuracy of geometry has or has not a real foundation; whether his doctrine of "inseparable association" exposes the radical defect in the laws of association—these, and the hundred other questions over which expert criticism has ranged ever since his time are not for us today. Even those who do not place him highest, agree that at least he raised the true points, put the sharpest questions, and swept away the most tiresome cobwebs. If the metaphysical controversy has not always been good-

natured, perhaps it is because *on ne se passionne que pour ce qui est obscur*.

In point of literary style—a thing on which many coxcombs have sprung up since Mill's day—although both his topics and his temperament denied him a place among the greatest masters, yet his writing had for the younger men of his generation a grave power well fitted for the noble task of making men love truth and search for it. There is no ambition in his style. He never forced his praise. Even when anger moves him, the ground does not tremble under him, as when Bossuet or Burke exhorts, denounces, wrestles, menaces, and thunders. He has none of the incomparably winning graces by which Newman made mere siren style do duty for exact, penetrating, and coherent thought; by which, moreover, he actually raised his Church to what would not so long before have seemed a strange and incredible rank in the mind of Protestant England. Style has worked many a miracle before now, but none more wonderful than Newman's. Mill's journey from Bentham, Malthus, Ricardo, to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Comte, and then on at last to some of those Manichean speculations that so perplexed or scandalized his disciples, was almost as striking, though not so picturesquely described, as Newman's journey from Evangelicalism to Rome. These graces were none of Mill's gifts, nor could he have coveted them. He did not impose; he drew, he led, he quickened with a living force and fire the commonplace that truth is a really serious and rather difficult affair, worth persistently pursuing in every path where duty beckons. He made people feel, with a kind of eagerness evidently springing from internal inspiration, that the true dignity of man is mind.

We English have never adopted the French word *justesse*, as distinct from justice; possibly we have been apt to

fall short in the quality that *justesse* denotes. "Without *justesse* of mind," said Voltaire, "there is nothing." If we were bound to the extremely unreasonable task of finding a single word for a mind so wide as Mill's in the range of its interests, so diversified in methods of intellectual approach, so hospitable to new intellectual and moral impressions, we might do worse than single out *justesse* as the key to his method, the key to what is best in his influence, the mastermark and distinction of his way of offering his thoughts to the world. Measure and reserve in mere language was not the secret, though neither teacher nor disciple can be the worse for measuring language. In a country where, as has often been said, politics and religion are the two absorbing fields of discussion, and where politics is the field in which men and newspapers are most incessantly vocal and vociferous, *justesse* naturally seems but a tame and shambling virtue. For if we were always candid, always on the watch against over-statement, always anxious to be even fairer to our adversary's case than to our own, what would become of politics? Why, there would be no politics. In that sphere we must, as it might seem, accept the dictum of Dr. Johnson that "to treat your opponent with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled."

If it be true that very often more depends upon the temper and spirit in which men hold their opinions than upon the opinions themselves, Mill was indeed our benefactor. From beginning to end of his career he was forced into the polemical attitude over the whole field; into an incessant and manful wrestle for what he thought true and right against what he regarded as false or wrong. One of his merits was the way in which he fought these battles — the pains he took to find out the

strength of an opposing argument; the modesty that made him treat the opponent as an equal; an entire freedom from pedagogue's arrogance. In one or two of his earlier pieces he knows how to give a trouncing; to Brougham, for instance, for his views on the French Revolution of 1848. His private judgments on philosophic or other performances were often severe. Dean Mansel preached a once celebrated set of Bampton lectures against him, and undergraduates flocked to Saint Mary's to hear them, with as much zest as they would to-day manifest about fiscal reform or the Education Bill. Mill privately spoke of Mansel's book as "loathsome," but his disdain was usually mute. A philosopher once thought that a review of his theory of vision was arrogant and overbearing. Mill replied in words that are a good example of his canons for a critic:—

We are not aware of any other arrogance than is implied by thinking ourselves right and by consequence Mr. Bailey wrong. We certainly did not feel ourselves required, by consideration for him, to state our difference of opinion with pretended hesitation. We should not have written on the subject unless we had been able to form a decided opinion on it, and having done so, to have expressed that opinion otherwise than decidedly would have been cowardice not modesty; it would have been sacrificing our conviction of truth to fear of offence. To dispute the soundness of a man's doctrines and the conclusiveness of his arguments may always be interpreted as an assumption of superiority over him; true courtesy, however, between thinkers is not shown by refraining from this sort of assumption, but by tolerating it in one another.

It was this candid, patient, and self-controlled temper that provoked the truly remarkable result—a man immersed in unsparing controversy for most of his life, controversy, too, on

all the subjects where difference of opinion is aptest to kindle anger, contempt, and even the horrid and irrelevant imputation of personal sin, and yet somehow held in general honor as a sort of oracle, instead of having presented to him that fatal cup of hemlock which has so often been the reformer's portion. He really succeeded in procuring a sort of popular halo round the dismal and derided name of philosopher, and his books on political theory and sociological laws went into cheap popular editions. Like Locke and Hobbes, he propounded general ideas for particular occasions, and built dykes and ramparts on rational principles for movements that had their source not so much in reasoning as in passions and interests, sectarian or material, and in the confused and turbid rush of intractable events.

Among all the changes of social ordinance in Mill's day and generation, none is more remarkable, and it may by-and-by be found that none cuts deeper, than the successive stages of the emancipation of women. And to this no thinker or writer of his time contributed so powerfully as Mill. Much of the ground has now been won, but the mark made by his little tract on the "Subjection of Women" upon people of better minds among us was profound, and a book touching so impressively the most penetrating of all our human relations with one another is slow to go quite out of date.

In political economy (1848) he is admitted, by critics not at all disposed to put his pretensions too high, to have exercised without doubt a greater influence than any other writer since Ricardo, and as an exposition of the principles on which the emancipating work between 1820 and 1860 was done, his book still holds its ground. Without being tempted into the controversies of the hour, it is enough to mark that Mill is not of those economists who

treat their propositions as absolute and dogmatic, rather than relative and conditional, depending on social time and place. One of the objects that he always had most at heart, in his capacity as publicist, was to set democracy on its guard against itself. No object could be either more laudible or more needed. He was less successful in dealing with Parliamentary machinery than in the infinitely more important task of moulding and elevating popular character, motives, ideals, and steady respect for truth, equity, and common sense—things that matter a vast deal more than machinery. Save the individual; cherish his freedom; respect his growth and leave room for it—this was ever the refrain. His book on Representative Government set up the case against Carlyle's glorification of men like Napoleon or Frederick. Within twenty years from Mill's death the tide had turned Carlyle's way, and now to-day it has turned back again. Then in the ten years before his death Neo-machiavellianism rose to ascendancy on the Continent of Europe, and a quarter of a century later we have had a short spell of Neo-machiavellianism in England—end justifying means, country right or wrong, and all the rest of it. Here again the tide has now turned, and Millite sanity is for a new season restored. In the sovereign field of tolerance his victory has been complete. Only those who can recall the social odium that surrounded heretical opinions before Mill began to achieve popularity are able rightly to appreciate the battle in which he was in many aspects the protagonist.

In the later years, when he had travelled over the smooth places of a man's life and the rough places, his younger friends never heard a word fall from him that did not encourage and direct; and nobody that ever lived enjoyed more of that highest of pleasures, the pointing the right path for new way-

farers, urging them to walk in it. "Montesquieu must die," exclaimed old Bentham, in a rare mood of rhapsody; "he must die as his great countryman, Descartes, had died before him; he must wither as the blade withers when the corn is ripe; he must die, but let tears of gratitude and admiration bedew his grave." So the pilgrim may feel to-day, as he stands by that mournful grave at windy Avignon, city of sombre

London Times.

history and forlorn memories, where Mill's remains were laid a generation ago this month (May, 1873). Measure the permanence of his contribution to thought or social action as we will, he will long deserve to be commemorated as the personification of some of the noblest and most fruitful qualities within the reach and compass of mankind.

John Morley.

THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN;

OR,

THREE MORE DEATHS.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Translated by V. Tchertkoff¹ and E. A.

PART II.

VIII.

One of the leaders of the revolutionary terroristic party, Ignatius Mejenetsky, the one who attracted Svetlogoub into this activity, was being transferred from the province where he was arrested to St. Petersburg. In the same provincial prison in which he halted was also being retained the old sectarian who had witnessed Svetlogoub's departure for his execution. He was shortly to be sent to Siberia. He never ceased thinking of the true faith and how and from where he could learn all about it, and sometimes he recalled to mind the bright youth who had gone to his death with a joyful smile.

Hearing that in the same place there was confined a comrade of this youth, a man who shared his faith, the sectarian was delighted and persuaded the chief warder to let him have an interview with him.

Mejenetsky, notwithstanding the strictness of prison discipline, had not ceased to maintain communications

with his party, and was from day to day awaiting news about a mine he had invented and prepared for the blowing up of the Tsar's train. Now recollecting some details he had overlooked, he was arranging the means of transmitting them to his co-workers. When the chief warder came to his cell, and cautiously, in a low voice, told him that one of the prisoners wished to see him, he was glad, hoping that this interview would be the means of facilitating intercourse with his friends.

"Who is he?"

"A peasant."

"What does he want?"

"He wishes to speak about faith."

Mejenetsky smiled.

"Well, send him in," he said. "These sectarians also detest the Government. Perhaps he may be of use," thought he.

The warder went out, and in a few minutes opened the door and let in a little shrunken old man with thick hair, a thin, grayish beard, and kind, weary-looking blue eyes.

¹ Editor of "The Free Age Press," Christchurch, Hants.

"What do you want?" asked Mejenetsky.

The old man glanced at him, and quickly dropping his eyes stretched out a small, active, dry-looking hand.

"What do you want?" repeated Mejenetsky.

"I would like to have a word with you."

"What about?"

"About faith?"

"What faith?"

"They say you are of the same belief as the youth whom the servants of Anti-Christ strangled with a rope at Odessa."

"What youth?"

"Why the one who was strangled at Odessa last autumn."

"You probably mean Svetlogoub?"

"That's the one. Was he your friend?" The old man with every question keenly searched Mejenetsky's face with his kind eyes, and immediately looked down again.

"Yes, he was very near to me."

"And of the same faith?"

"Apparently so," said Mejenetsky, smiling.

"It is about this I wish to speak to you."

"What is it exactly you require?"

"To ascertain your faith."

"Our faith . . . well, sit down," said Mejenetsky, shrugging his shoulders.

"Our faith consists in this. We believe that the power has been usurped by those who torment and deceive the people, and that we should without sparing ourselves struggle with these men in order to deliver the people whom they exploit"—Mejenetsky from habit used this foreign word—"torment," he added, correcting himself. "Therefore, it is necessary to destroy them. They kill and they should be killed, until they bethink themselves."

The old sectarian, with his eyes on the ground, kept sighing.

"Our faith consists in overthrowing

the despotic Government, without sparing ourselves, and in establishing a free representative national one."

The old man sighed heavily, got up and, smoothing the folds of his coat, went down on his knees and stretched himself out at Mejenetsky's feet, striking his forehead against the dirty floor.

"Why are you bowing?"

"Do not deceive me, tell me what your faith is," said the old man, without rising or lifting his head.

"I have told you what it is. But get up or else I won't talk with you."

The old man got up.

"And this was the faith of that youth?" he said, standing in front of Mejenetsky, and from time to time looking into his face with his kind eyes, and again dropping them.

"That was his faith, and for that he was hanged; and I am now being sent to solitary confinement for the same cause."

The old man made a low bow from his waist and silently withdrew.

"No, that was not his faith," thought he. "He knew the true faith, whereas this one either boasts of being of the same belief or else does not wish to disclose it. . . . Well, then, I shall have to persist in my search. Both here and in Siberia, God is everywhere, and there are men everywhere. Once on the road, ask your way,"² thought the old man, and again took up his Testament, which opened of itself at Revelation, and putting on his spectacles, he seated himself at the window and began to read.

IX.

Another seven years passed. Mejenetsky had concluded his solitary confinement in the Petropavlovsky fortress, and was being transferred to penal labor.

He had undergone much during those seven years; but his opinions had not

² Russian proverb. (Trans.)

changed nor his energy abated. During the examinations before his confinement in the fortress he astonished the prosecutors and judges by his firm and contemptuous attitude towards those in whose power he was. In the depth of his soul, his imprisonment, and his inability to complete the task he had commenced, caused him much suffering, but he did not show this. As soon as he came in touch with others a fierce defiance arose in him. To the questions put to him he was silent, and only answered when there was an opportunity of spitting those who cross-examined him—the gendarme officer or the prosecutor.

When the usual statement was made to him: "You may alleviate your position by a sincere confession," he smiled contemptuously, and after a silence said:

"If you hope to force me by advantage or fear to betray my comrades you are judging me according to your own measure. Can you really imagine that, in undertaking the work for which you are judging me, I had not prepared myself for the worst? You can neither astonish nor intimidate me by anything. Do with me what you may, what you like, but I will not speak."

And it was pleasant to him to see the way they looked at each other in confusion.

But when he was taken to the Petropavlovsky fortress and placed in a small damp cell, with a dark pane of glass in a window high up, he understood that it was not for months but for years, and was overcome with horror. Dreadful was the regulated, lifeless silence of this place, and the consciousness that it was not he alone, but that here, behind these impenetrable walls, other prisoners were confined—condemned to ten, twenty years, committing suicide, being executed, going mad, or gradually dying from consumption. Here were both women and

men, and perhaps friends. . . . "Years will pass, and you also will go mad, or hang yourself, or die, and no one will know about it," thought he.

And in his heart there arose hatred against all men, and especially against those who were the cause of his incarceration. This hatred demanded the presence of some object to hate, demanded motion, noise. But here was lifeless silence and the soft steps of silent men, who did not answer questions, the sound of doors opening and shutting, the arrival of food at regular intervals, the visits of silent individuals, and through the dim glass the light of the rising sun, darkness and the same silence, the same soft steps, and the same sounds. Thus it was to-day, to-morrow . . . And hatred, without finding an outlet, devoured his heart.

He tried to communicate by knocks, but received no answer, and his knocks elicited again the same soft steps, and the even voice of a man threatening him with the dark cell.

His only period of rest and refreshment was during sleep, but after this the awakening was dreadful. In his dreams he always saw himself at liberty, and mostly absorbed with interests which he regarded as incompatible with his revolutionary life. He played on some kind of strange fiddle, paid court to young ladies, rowed in boats, went shooting, or else for some strange scientific discovery he was endowed with a Doctor's degree by a foreign University, and in return made speeches of thanks at dinner. These dreams were so vivid, whilst the reality was so dull and monotonous, that the memories of them were with difficulty distinguished from actuality.

The painful feature of the dreams was that for the most part he awoke at the very moment when something was just going to happen towards which he was striving, which he de-

sired. Suddenly a shock in the heart and all the pleasant environment disappeared; there remained only the painful, unsatisfied longing, and again this gray wall with damp spots lighted with a little lamp, and under his body hard planks with the straw bed pressed up on one side.

Sleep was his best time. But as his confinement went on he was less and less able to sleep. He sought sleep as the greatest happiness, and the more he desired it the more wakeful he became. It was enough for him to say, "Am I falling asleep," for sleep to be dispelled.

Running and jumping about in his little cell gave him no relief. From this effort he only became weak, and excited his nerves yet more. A pain came in the crown of his head, and if he closed his eyes there would appear on a dark, speckled background, weird faces, dishevelled, bald, big-mouthed, crooked-mouthed, each one more awful than the others, all making the most horrible grimaces. Afterwards they appeared to him even when his eyes were open, and not faces alone but whole figures, and they began to talk and to dance. He would be filled with terror, would jump up, hit his head against the wall and scream; then the little slide in the door would open, and a slow even voice would say:

"Screaming is not allowed."

"Call the Governor!" shrieked Mejenetsky. He would get no answer and the slide would close.

And such a despair would seize him that he desired only one thing—death.

Once when in such a state he decided to take his life. In the cell there was an air regulator to which one might fix a rope with a noose, and mounting on the bed, hang oneself. But there was no rope. He began to tear his sheet into narrow strips, but they proved too few. Then he decided to

starve himself to death, and for two days he ate nothing, but became so weak on the third that a severe fit of delirium took hold of him. When his food was brought in he was lying on the floor, with open eyes, unconscious.

The doctor came, put him on the bed, gave him some rum and morphia, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke next day and found the doctor standing over him shaking his head, the familiar exhilarating feeling of hatred which he for long had not experienced suddenly surged up in Mejenetsky.

"How is it you are not ashamed," he said to the doctor, whilst the latter with bended head was listening to his pulse, "of serving here? Why are you treating me in order to torture me again? It is just the same as being present at a flogging and allowing the operation to be repeated."

"Be good enough to turn over on your back," said the imperturbed doctor, without looking at him, and getting his stethoscope out of a side pocket.

"The other doctors healed the wounds in order that the remaining five thousand blows could be inflicted. Go to the deuce, to the devil," he suddenly shouted, flinging his legs off the bed. "Get away. I'll manage to die without you."

"This is not well, young man; we have answers of our own for impertinence."

"To the devil with you, to the devil."

And Mejenetsky looked so terrible that the doctor made haste to leave.

X.

Whether it was the result of the medicine or that he had passed the crisis, or perhaps the wrath aroused in him against the doctor had cured him—at all events from this time he took hold of himself and began quite another life.

"They cannot and will not keep me here eternally," he said. "They will set me free some day. Perhaps, and this is the most likely, the form of Government will change (ours are continuing their work), and therefore one should preserve one's life in order to come out healthy, and be able to take up the work again."

He considered for a long time as to the kind of life best suited for his purpose, and this is what he decided upon: he went to bed at nine o'clock, and compelled himself to stay there whether asleep or not until five in the morning. Then he got up, washed and dressed, did some physical exercise, and then, as he called it, went out to business. In imagination he walked about St. Petersburg from the Nevsky to the Nadejdenskaya, trying to picture to himself all he might meet on the way: shop signs, houses, policemen, carriages, and pedestrians. In the Nadejdenskaya he entered the house of a friend and co-worker of his, and there, together with other comrades who had assembled, they discussed their forthcoming schemes. Arguments and controversies took place. Mejenetsky spoke both for himself and for others. Sometimes he spoke so loud that the warder admonished him through the slide, but Mejenetsky paid no attention to him, and continued his imaginary St. Petersburg day. Having passed two hours at his friend's he returned home and dined, first in fancy, then in reality, eating the meal which was brought to him, and always ate in moderation. Then he remained at home, and studied either history or mathematics, and sometimes, on Sundays, literature. His historical studies consisted in first selecting a particular epoch and nation, and recalling to mind the facts and chronology. For his mathematical lessons he solved in his mind calculations and geometrical problems (this was his favorite occupation). On Sundays, he recalled

Poushkin, Gogol, Shakespeare, and composed a little himself.

Before bed he made another little excursion in his imagination, having with his comrades, men and women, merry, humorous, and sometimes serious conversations, which had either actually taken place, or else were invented by him for the occasion. And so it went on until night. Before going to bed he made in reality 2000 steps, for the sake of exercise, in his cage; then lay down on his bed and fell asleep.

On the next day it was the same. Sometimes he travelled to the south, to incite the population, or commenced a rebellion, and, together with the people, dispersed the landowners, distributing their land among the peasants. All this, however, he imagined not all at once but consecutively with all the details. In his imagination the revolutionary party triumphed everywhere, the power of the Government weakened, and it was compelled to call a Legislative Assembly. The Imperial Family and all the oppressors of the people disappeared, and a republic was instituted, and he, Mejenetsky, chosen president. Sometimes he reached this too quickly, and then he commenced again from the beginning, and attained his object by other methods.

Thus he lived one, two, three years, sometimes deviating from this strict order of life, but for the most part returning to it. Controlling his mind he freed himself from involuntary hallucinations, and only rarely was he beset with attacks of insomnia and visions of dreadful faces, and then he contemplated the air regulator and considered how he would attach the rope, prepare the noose, and hang himself. But he overcame these attacks, and they did not last long.

Thus he passed almost seven years. When the term of his solitary confinement came to a close and he was being removed to penal labor he was quite

The Divine and the Human; or, Three More Deaths. 17

well, fresh, and in complete possession of his mental faculties.

XI.

He was being conveyed alone as an especially important criminal, and was not allowed to communicate with others. Only in the prison^{*} of Krasnoyarsk did he have an opportunity of intercourse with some other political prisoners on their way to penal labor. There were six of them: two women and four men. They were all young people of the new school with which Mejenetsky was not acquainted. They were revolutionists of the generation after him, his successors, and therefore of special interest to him. Mejenetsky expected to find them following in his steps, and consequently bound to appreciate highly all that had been done by their predecessors, especially by him—Mejenetsky. He was prepared to treat them affectionately and patronizingly. But to his astonishment and annoyance these young people not only failed to regard him as their forerunner and teacher, but treated him as it were with condescension, passing over and excusing his views as obsolete. According to them—these new revolutionists—all that Mejenetsky and his friends had done, all their attempts to raise the peasants, and above all, their system of terrorizing and the assassinations of the Governor Krapotkin, of Mezentsef, and of Alexander II. himself—all this was a series of mistakes. All this led only to that reaction which triumphed during the reign of Alexander III., and caused the country to relapse almost to its condition during serfdom. The people's salvation, according to the new teachers, was in quite another direction.

* One of the halting-places where convoys of prisoners for the penal settlements are temporarily housed. (Trans.)

For nearly two days and nights the disputations between Mejenetsky and his new acquaintances continued. One, the leader of the rest, Roman, as they called him, using his Christian name, specially irritated Mejenetsky by his determined self-assurance in the rightness of his views, and by his condescending and even sarcastic condemnation of all the past activity of Mejenetsky and his comrades.

The people, according to Roman, were a coarse crowd, and with the populace in their present state of development, nothing could be done. All attempts to raise the Russian peasant population were like endeavoring to set fire to a stone or to ice. The people should be educated—taught solidarity—and this could only be attained by the growth of vast industries, and their natural outcome a Socialistic organization of the people. The land was not only unnecessary to the people but it was the land that made them conservative and servile. This was the case not only with us but also in Europe. And he cited from memory opinions of authorities and statistical data. The people should be liberated from the land, and the quicker the better; the more they take up factory life, and the more their land is seized by the capitalist, and the more they were oppressed, the better. Despotism, and above all capitalism, would be abolished only by the solidarity of the working people, and this solidarity could be secured, by unions, labor associations, *i.e.*, only when the masses of the people shall cease to be landowners and should become proletariats.

Mejenetsky disputed and got heated. He was particularly exasperated by one of the women, a good-looking, thick-lipped brunette with very shining eyes, who, sitting on the window-ledge, and not directly participating in the conversation, introduced from time to time a word or two corroborating Roman's

argument, or merely sneering at Mejenetsky's remarks.

"Is it possible to change all the agricultural population into factory hands?" said Mejenetsky.

"Why not?" expostulated Roman. "It is the universal economic law."

"How do we know that this is universal?"

"Read Kautzky," interpolated the brunette, smiling contemptuously.

"If even one admits," said Mejenetsky—"I do not admit it—that the people will all become proletariats, still, how do you know they will then adopt the form you have decided in advance?"

"Because it is scientifically demonstrated," remarked the brunette, glancing into the room.

But when the discussion reached the form of activity needful for the attainment of these aims their disagreement was even worse. Roman and his friends insisted that it was necessary to convert the army of factory workmen, and get them to assist in the transformation of the peasants into factory workers; and to propagate Socialism amongst the people; and that they should not only refrain from open strife with the Government but should utilize it for the attainment of their ends.

Mejenetsky said it was necessary to strive directly with the Government and to terrorize it, that the Government was both stronger and more cunning than they. "It is not you who will deceive the Government, but the Government will deceive you. We went in both for propaganda amongst the people and for the strife with the Government."

"And what a lot you have done!" ironically remarked the brunette.

"Yes, I think direct strife with the Government is an unprofitable loss of energy," said Roman.

"The first of March—a loss of en-

ergy," exclaimed Mejenetsky. "We sacrificed ourselves, our lives, whilst you are quietly sitting at home enjoying life and merely preach."

"Well, not much enjoying life," quietly said Roman, looking round at his comrades, and laughing triumphantly in his uninfected, distinct, self-assured way.

The brunette, shaking her head, smiled contemptuously.

"Not much enjoying life," said Roman, "and if we are sitting here it is thanks to the reaction, and the reaction is the result precisely of the first of March."

Mejenetsky was silent; he felt he was choking from exasperation, and went out into the passage.

XII.

Endeavoring to quiet himself Mejenetsky began to walk up and down the corridor. The doors into the dormitories were left open until the evening roll-call. A tall, light-haired prisoner with a face the good nature of which was not spoilt by his head being half-shaven, approached Mejenetsky.

"A prisoner in our dormitory has seen you, sir, and asked me to call you in."

"What prisoner?"

"'Tobacco Kingdom,' that is his nick-name. He is an old sectarian. 'Bring me that man,' he said. That's you, sir, he means."

"Well, where is he?"

"In here in our dormitory. 'Call that gentleman,' he said."

Mejenetsky entered with the prisoner into a small dormitory with beds on which prisoners were sitting and lying.

On bare boards under a gray coat at the end of the row was lying the same old sectarian who, seven years before, had come to Mejenetsky to inquire about Svetlogoub. The old man's pale face had become all wrinkled up, but

⁴ The date of the assassination of Alexander II. (Trans.)

his hair was just as thick; the thin bit of beard was quite white and turned up. The blue eyes were kind and attentive. He was lying on his back evidently in fever; on his cheeks there was a sickly pink color.

Mejenetsky approached him.

"What is it?" he asked.

The old man with difficulty lifted himself on to his elbow and stretched out his little snaky, dried-up hand. Attempting to speak, he began to breathe heavily, as if balancing himself, and gasping for breath he said softly:

"You did not reveal it to me then, God forgive you, but I disclose it to all."

"What do you disclose?"

"About the Lamb . . . about the Lamb I disclose . . . that youth had the Lamb; and it is said the Lamb will overcome them, will overcome all . . . and those who are with him are the elect and faithful."

"I don't understand," said Mejenetsky.

"You must understand in the spirit. The Kings have received power with the Beast. The Lamb shall overcome them."

"What kings?" said Mejenetsky.

"There are seven kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come: and when he cometh he must continue a short space . . . and then it will be all up with him. . . . Do you understand?"

Mejenetsky shook his head, thinking the old man was raving, and that his words were senseless. So also thought the prisoners, his room mates. The shaven prisoner who had called Mejenetsky came up to him, and touching him with his shoulder to attract his attention, winked at the old man.

"Our Tobacco Kingdom' keeps babbling and babbling," he said, "but he does not himself know what he means."

So thought both Mejenetsky and the

old man's companions. But the old man well knew what he was saying, and it had for him a clear and deep meaning. The meaning was that evil has not long to rule, that the Lamb by righteousness and meekness conquers all . . . that the Lamb will wipe every tear, and there will be neither weeping, sickness, nor death. And he felt that this was already being accomplished in the whole world because it was being accomplished in his soul enlightened by the approach of death.

"Yea, come quickly! Amen! Yea, come! Lord Jesus! Come!" he murmured, with a slight, significant, and, as it appeared to Mejenetsky, insane smile.

XIII.

"There he is, a representative of the people," thought Mejenetsky, coming out from the old man. "This is one of the best of them, and what darkness. They" (he implied Roman and his friends) "say: with such a people as they are now, nothing can be done."

Mejenetsky at one time was occupied with revolutionary work amongst the people, and knew all the "inertia," as he called it, of the Russian peasant. He had also associated with soldiers, both on active service and discharged, and knew all their obstinate faith in the oath, in the necessity of obedience, and knew the impossibility of influencing them by argument. He was aware of all this, but had never drawn from it the natural conclusion. The discussion with the new revolutionists upset and angered him.

"They say that all we did, all Hal-tourin, Kibalich, Perovskaya^a did, was unnecessary, even harmful, that it was this which called forth the reaction of Alexander III., that thanks to them the people are persuaded that the revolutionary activity emanates from the landlords who have killed the Tsar be-

^a Leading Russian Terrorists. (Trans.)

cause he deprived them of the serfs. How absurd! What a want of comprehension, and how insolent it is to say so," he thought, continuing to pace the corridor.

All the dormitories were locked except the one used by the new revolutionists. Approaching it Mejenetsky heard the laugh of the brunette he detested, and the strident, assertive voice of Roman. They were evidently speaking about him. Mejenetsky stopped to listen. Roman was saying:

"Not understanding the economic laws, they did not realize what they were doing. And there was here a good deal of . . ."

Mejenetsky could not and did not wish to hear what it was there was a good deal of, and indeed he did not require to know this. The tone of voice alone demonstrated the complete contempt which these people felt towards him—Mejenetsky, the hero of the revolution, who had sacrificed for it twelve years of his life.

And in Mejenetsky's soul there arose a fearful hatred such as he had never before experienced. A hatred against every one, everything, against all this senseless world in which could live only people akin to beasts, like this old man with his Lamb, and similar half-bestial hangmen and warders, and these insolent, self-assured, still-born theorists.

The warder on duty came and led away the women to the female quarters. Mejenetsky retreated to the far end of the corridor in order not to encounter him. Having returned, the warder locked the door on the new political prisoners, and asked Mejenetsky to go to his room. Mejenetsky obeyed mechanically, but begged him not to lock the door.

Mejenetsky lay down on his bed with his face to the wall.

"Is it possible that all my life has indeed been spent in vain: my energy, strength of will, genius" (he deemed no

one superior to himself in mental qualities), "sacrificed in vain?" He recalled to mind how, not long ago, when already on his way to Siberia he had received a letter from Svetlogoub's mother, who upbraided him, in as he thought a silly feminine way, for having ruined her son by attracting him into the terrorist work. When he received the letter he only contemptuously smiled: what could this foolish woman understand about the aims which were before him and Svetlogoub? Now, recalling this letter, and thinking of the kind, trustful, impulsive personality of Svetlogoub, he began to meditate first about him and then about himself. "Is it possible that my whole life has been a mistake?" He closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep, but suddenly he realized with horror the return of the attacks he had had during his first month at the Petropavlovsky fortress. Again the pain in his head, again the horrible faces, big-mouthed, dishevelled, dreadful, on the dark, speckled background, and again figures visible to the open eyes. The added feature was that some criminal in gray trousers with a shaved head was swinging over him. And again, following the association of ideas, he began to search for the regulator to which he could fasten the rope.

An insufferable hatred demanding expression consumed his heart. He could not sit still, he could not calm himself, could not dispel his thoughts.

"How?" he already began to put the question to himself. "Cut open an artery? I couldn't manage that. Hang myself? Of course, that is the simplest."

He remembered a rope tied round a bundle of wood lying in the corridor. "To get on the wood or on a stool. In the corridor the warder walks. But he is sure to go to sleep or go out. I must watch, and when the opportunity comes, fetch the rope into my room and fasten it to the regulator."

Standing by his door Mejenetsky listened to the steps of the warder in the passage, and from time to time when the warder went to the far end, he looked through the open door, but the warder did not go away nor did he fall asleep. Mejenetsky with sharp ears listened to the sound of his steps and waited.

At that moment, in the dormitory where the sick old man lay in the darkness barely lighted by a smoking lamp, amidst the sleepy sounds of breathing, grumbling, snoring, and coughing, there was taking place the greatest thing in the world. The old sectarian was dying, and to his spiritual vision was revealed all that which he had so passionately sought for and desired during the whole of his life. In a blinding light he saw the Lamb in the form of a bright youth, and a great multitude of people from all nations were standing in front of him in white robes, and all were in great joy, and there was no longer any evil in the world. All this had taken place, the old man knew it, in his soul, and in the whole world, and he felt great joy and peace.

Whereas for those who were in the dormitory what took place was this: the old man was loudly gasping, the death-rattle in his throat. His neighbor awoke and roused the others. When the noise ceased, and the old man became quiet and cold, his companions began to knock against the door.

The warder opened the door and went in. In about ten minutes two prisoners brought out the dead body

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and carried it away to the mortuary. The warder followed them, locking the door behind him. The corridor remained empty.

"Lock it, lock it," thought Mejenetsky, following from his door all that was taking place, "you will not prevent me from leaving all this senseless horror."

Mejenetsky no longer felt that inner frenzy which previously tormented him, he was completely absorbed by one thought: how to avoid any hindrance to the accomplishment of his object.

With palpitating heart he went up to the bundle of wood, untied the rope, pulled it out, and looking round at the entrance carried it into his room. There he mounted the stool and slung the rope over the regulator. Having tied both ends, he made a knot, and, by doubling the rope, arranged a noose. The noose was too low. He again tied the rope, gauged the height of his neck, and anxiously listening and looking round at the door he got on the stool, pushed his neck through the noose, adjusted it, and kicking away the stool he hung in the air. . . .

It was not until his morning round that the warder saw Mejenetsky standing with bent knees by the overturned stool. He was taken out of the noose. The Governor hurried up, and, learning that Roman was a doctor, called him to offer assistance to the strangled man.

All the usual methods of restoration were applied, but Mejenetsky did not revive.

Mejenetsky's body was taken to the mortuary and put on the planks by the side of the body of the old sectarian.

Leo Tolstoy.

HISTORY IN FURNITURE.*

Probably every one is secretly impressed by the prestige and significance of style, and, in some dim way, is made conscious of the fact that style possesses a meaning and is fraught with an intelligible message. The uniformity and unanimity of great buildings is proof of the existence of such a meaning. Coherence of structure stands for coherence of thought. Where not a detail, or smallest feature, which in any way conflicts with the general character, is admitted, we cannot but be aware of an intelligent principle at work, selecting and rejecting. We observe, also, that this principle is independent of and stronger than individual will, since the more it comes into play the more the initiative of the individual is superseded and his action absorbed. From this absorption of the individual there results that uniformity of the great styles which, we feel, can embody no petty whim or chance current of floating fashion, but a powerful, deep-seated conviction of the age. The typical buildings that stretch back in long array into the past, Doric temple and Roman palace, and early Christian basilica, and Arab mosque, and soaring Gothic minster, seem each to incarnate this spirit of their own time. So different, yet each instinct with definite character, they invite us, like sphinx riddles, to guess their meaning. And we are never tired of guessing. Each generation in turn addresses itself to the task, and ponders over the message which it feels must inhabit forms so harmonious and coherent.

Such is the attraction of style. But it is not confined to styles of architecture. No sooner, even in comparatively trivial subjects, do we come in touch with that peculiar uniformity and ordered motion which marks the presence of style than we are conscious of the same sense of definite character and meaning. Styles of furniture have this definite character as well as styles of building. Louis Quinze furniture is as uniform as Gothic architecture. There is, however, this difference, that the purpose and meaning of style in furniture is slighter and more on the surface than the meaning of style in architecture, and for this very reason is perhaps easier to seize. The meaning of Gothic lies deep in the heart of its age. It is the voice of national conviction, inexhaustible in interest but difficult completely to grasp and formulate. The meaning of such styles in furniture as Louis Quinze and Louis Seize refers to the society of the period, and deals not so much with national conviction as with the manners and life of a class. It is deficient, no doubt, in Gothic's depth of interest, yet, because of its comparative superficiality, should be easier to interpret.

In making the attempt we have at least this advantage, that we are dealing with a subject familiar to every one. French eighteenth-century furniture has been so long a fashion that most people's houses contain specimens of it. Moreover, besides these scattered examples, we have our great collections; we have the Wallace Collection

* 1. "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement et de la Décoration." Par Henry Havard. Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin.

2 "Le Mariage de Louis XV. d'après des documents nouveaux et une correspondance inédite de Stanislas Leczinaki." Par Henry Gauthier-Villars. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1900.

3 "La Noblesse en France avant et depuis 1789." Par H. de Barthélemy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1905.

4 "La Reine Marie Antoinette." Par Pierre de Nolhac. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1905.

giving us the full blaze and glitter of the life of the ancient *régime*, and the Jones Collection, giving us that exquisite grace and refinement which to the end kept the sight of horrible reality from the vision of poor Marie Antoinette. These are museums, not of the furniture only, but of the painting and whole system of decoration of their period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the great value of such collections as these, when it comes to the interpretation of the meaning of a style. It is, as we said, in its unanimity, in its development of the same theme and the same set of ideas in many different ways, that the significance of style is felt. All that we set eyes on, not the furniture only, but the ornaments, and bric-à-brac and pictures on the walls must combine to convey the same impression, if that impression is to be adequately appreciated and rightly understood. It is this unanimity in variety, the consciousness of being surrounded by ideas of the same character, but reproduced in countless different ways, which fills the suites of rooms of Hertford House with the very atmosphere and life of the French eighteenth-century aristocracy. True, what we have here is no deep and solemn conviction, such as inspires those great manifestations of style in which the spirit of an age is embodied. It is only the spirit of a section of society which pervades these salons; a section, too, confessedly frivolous and pleasure-loving and altogether lacking in seriousness and depth of interest. And yet, the delightful complacency with which the philosophy of this particular class is voiced for us by the glittering harmony through which we move, makes it impossible not to wish to transcribe the message. French furniture has often been praised for its beauty, its preciousness, its fine workmanship; but how seldom do we hear it praised for its historical significance! How seldom do

we value it for what it tells us, not of the manners and tastes only, but of the ideas and limitations and view of life of this dominant section of French society! Let us remember, too, what there is of peculiar and fatal significance about a section of society in whose doom the spirit of *opéra-bouffe* and tragedy, unparalleled frivolity and unparalleled ferocity, are so horribly mingled and involved. Its airs and graces, its solemn antics and elaborate etiquette, relieved against the inky background of the Revolution, are inspired with a half serious, wholly pathetic interest which, in themselves, they might not possess. *Morturi te salutant*. This *débonnaire* philosophy, so lightly echoed by the splendor of these rooms, is the philosophy which was controverted by the guillotine.

How shall we seize it? Let us choose the most obvious characteristic here present and question that; it is sure to be the most significant one. Nor, as to this most obvious characteristic, is there much room for doubt. The richness of material, the elaborate and infinitely painstaking workmanship, suggest at once a consummate luxury and the manners and life of an essentially luxurious class. It is a furniture *de luxe*, if ever there was one. The gorgeousness and glitter of it, the loaded gilding of the chairs and couches, the inlays of precious woods and metals, the carved *ormolu* and painted porcelain, the ornaments of gold and silver and enamel, studded with gems, or wrought out of lapis lazuli, or rock crystal or other rare and precious stone, all bear out this character. The more we look, the more this impression is confirmed. Luxury here is dominant, is the master motive. It dominates, for one thing, the labor that serves it. There is never any mistaking for a moment the kind of excellence in workmanship, which springs from the free use of a natural gift, and

which belongs to all expert craftsmanship. It has a flexibility, what musicians call a sense of *touch*, which stamps it at once. The excellence here displayed is not of that kind. It is a forced excellence; an excellence not exerting itself freely, but constrained, whether it will or no, to celebrate the supremacy of luxury. Rarely, save among Orientals, do we find the toil of the workman lavished in a spirit so patiently servile.

This luxury, then, so universal and so dominant, is the obvious characteristic which we are to question more closely. There is a good deal of luxurious furniture made in all ages, and perhaps at the first glance, it might puzzle us to say what is the difference between this universal, luxurious furniture scattered through the ages, and the luxurious furniture of Hertford House. There is, however, if we consider the matter, this difference: that with luxurious furniture in general the luxury is an attribute dependent on the use of the thing. It is an adornment and decoration of something real, an accessory or afterthought, which, though often carried far, still keeps its decorative purpose and does not thrust itself forward as the aim and object for which the thing was made.

The peculiarity, on the contrary, of the Hertford House luxury is that it is an exposition and analysis of the quality of luxury as a governing motive. Ostentation and show are not here accessory to use and comfort. They are the primary conditions. If we question any bit of this furniture we shall find this divorce from reality admitted, and this purpose of display confessed. The primary use of chairs and sofas is, after all, to sit or lie upon, and in most luxurious furniture this use is fully admitted, and the luxury consists in elaborating and perfecting the use, and, by adding the easiest springs and softest cushions, making the chair or

sofa still more lie-able or sit-able on. But the Hertford House chairs and sofas are made for no such purpose. The adornment lavished on them, far from emphasizing their natural use, has actually annulled that use, so that they are now far less lie-able or sit-able on than any cottage bench or stool of common wood. Sight-seeing is tiring work, but we do not imagine that any visitor, however tired, has ever felt the temptation to sit and rest on one of these stiff and gilded seats.

The reader is familiar, probably, with an architectural theory which asserts that ornament must conform to structural use. This theory, which applies to a good deal besides architecture, seems to be, in the case of French eighteenth-century craftsmanship, reversed. None of it suggests use at all. We have said that the chairs and sofas do not invite us to sit on them. But neither do the inlaid glittering tables with their golden legs offer to supply the ordinary use of tables. How could we venture to hide such splendor under a litter of newspapers and novels? In the same way the *escri-toires* are not made to be written at, and the cabinets are not made for putting things away in. Nothing, in short, that we look at, makes it any longer its object and purpose in life to fulfil those functions for which originally, as a species, it was called into existence. Everything has passed beyond that stage, and, by common consent, has substituted a decorative for a useful purpose. Functional use has retired into the background. Show and display have asserted themselves as the *raison d'être* and serious business of life. With immense pains and patient care, each article and object, in all these gorgeous suites of apartments, sets out to be primarily an ornament; divests itself of reality, puts away the practical purposes of life and gives itself up to an exclusively decorative treatment.

This is, as it seems to us, the *note* of the style before us. If, as we stroll from room to room, we take with us the formula "a decorative rather than a useful purpose" and apply it to each object in turn, we shall find that each will bow to the justice of the definition. Style, as we said, marks the presence of a definite meaning or message, and here we have the meaning of these French styles; a meaning scarcely to be questioned by any one who in such a place as Hertford House submits himself to the cumulative influence of his surroundings. Let us, that we may the better realize it, note its moment of origin. Louis Quatorze furniture, like Louis Quinze, is luxurious and splendid, with its brocades and tapestries and rich Boulle inlays. But it is splendid in a stately, dignified fashion. It harmonizes well with the ordered long arcades and the great ceremonious suites of salons of the architecture of the period. Moreover, when we come to consider it, it has by no means yet lost touch with the uses and realities of life. A study of the furniture collection in the South Kensington galleries will show that, as regards shape and form, a good deal of the simplicity and massiveness of the old Gothic furniture survives even to the eighteenth century. Through the Renaissance period this massiveness is retained, though the tendency to redundancy of carving is apparent. Down to the latter half of the sixteenth century the sculpture is for the most part out of the solid wood, and the pieces, in material and shape, are simple and strong in construction, though treated pompously. Later we come to inlaid marquetry, but still the substantial forms survive. The decoration, however overdone, does not usurp the place of function and become the ruling purpose. And this is the case even during the gorgeous Louis Quatorze period. M. Havard selects the word "majestic" as descriptive of

the art as well as the life of that period, or at least of the first half of it, and, admitting a trifle of vulgarity in the majesty, it is a well-applied epithet. The fact is Louis Quatorze splendor still cloaks something real. Affairs of state still count for something. The pride and power of the nation are still important considerations. Louis never allows any one to forget that he is a great king. This sense of dignity and stateliness runs all through the splendor of this reign, as it runs all through its life and politics, and makes one constantly aware that it is a splendor compatible with a certain large effectiveness of character and aim.

With the passing of the Grand Monarque, however, this majesty passes too. "Avec le dernier soupir du plus majestueux des rois, la majesté, déjà quelque peu méconnue, achève de s'envoler de la terre." A new spirit that knew nothing of the duties and responsibilities of life takes its place. "En quelques instants tout change; le vieux décor s'effondre et sur ses ruines un monde nouveau, frais, pimpant, gracieux, léger, indiscret et joyeux, s'établit et s'installe." Seriousness in life and art goes out with Louis Quatorze; frivolity comes into life and art with Louis Quinze. The old strength and stateliness give place to an artificial and excessive refinement in workmanship, not of detail only but of form. What was ornament in the older style assumes control, eats form away, until form itself becomes ornament. It is the peculiarity of the studies of curves and scroll work of Louis Quinze furniture; and the slender, attenuated proportions of Louis Seize, that they no longer represent the beautifying and perfecting of the common things of life, which after all is the true function of art as applied to things like furniture, but minister and bear witness to a life cut off from such things. It is impossible to associate these exquisite cre-

ations with the idea of every day life and common use at all. They have forgotten all about use and reality and have made of mere luxury their *raison d'être* and supreme justification. The artificial has to them become the real.

To this we return as the keynote of these later styles, and it is in this that they portray so effectively the life of the class and period to which they belong. For it is not mere luxury which is found in the French Court of the eighteenth century. Luxury has generally been a habitant of courts. It is the fact that luxury has assumed control of life, that it has eaten into society's core, eaten realities and duties quite away, and become itself the only serious preoccupation of life, which stamps it, in the French society of the time, with such peculiar significance. The remarkable thing about this French society is that it is incapable of any useful function whatever. The courtiers and nobles of Louis XV's reign seem to have lost all power of taking an interest in anything save court scandals and intrigues. Those among them whose memory goes back to the manners of an earlier age, an age not destitute of courage, dignity and fortitude, deplore the falling off in virile virtue. They can scarcely credit the change which has taken place under their very eyes. There is no principle, not honor itself even, which has not succumbed to the corroding effects of frivolity. The nation is visibly drifting to destruction, the signs of an approaching catastrophe grow daily more threatening, yet society jests and titters on, incapable of realizing anything save its own dissipations and its own elaborate etiquette.

Let us examine this a little more closely. Let us take the formula we applied to the furniture—a decorative rather than a useful purpose—and see how it answers as applied to society. And in applying this formula to society let us note this: that it is not the dissi-

pation and luxury themselves which are significant, but the fact that the dissipation and luxury have usurped the place of reality and become the one serious business of life. The significant symptoms, accordingly, will be those which show us this reality passing out of the serious and important things of life. Such facts as that the Prince de Conti used the dust of a crushed diamond to dry the ink of a billet to his mistress, or that the Queen gave the Dauphin a carriage covered with rubies and sapphires, or that Madame de Matignon paid 24,000 livres a year to have her hair brushed, or that the Comte d'Artois pulled down and rebuilt a castle to prepare a fête for the Queen, or that young de Chenonceaux lost seven hundred thousand livres in one night's gambling, or that another courtier kept forty horses for an occasional ride in the Bois de Boulogne, and another bought up and emptied the streets leading to his residence that his amours might be conducted in secret, or that Madame du Barry's bills during the time she was in favor amounted to some four million livres; such facts as these—and they might be multiplied to fill volumes—are not, after all, the kind of facts that best serve to show the character of the luxury of the age. They can be matched, more or less closely, in the histories of most aristocracies in most ages. The facts which are significant are those which testify to the insensibility of this pleasure-loving class to natural instincts and primitive duties and responsibilities; which testify, that is to say, to the ebbing of reality out of the serious things of life. When, for instance, a Comte de Tilly records that he was brought up by valets, or a Duc de Blon, observing that a lackey had the superintendence of his education, remarks, "*J'étais d'ailleurs comme tous les enfans de mon âge et de ma sorte, les plus jolis habits pour sortir, nu et mourant de faim à la*

maison," then we begin to realize what was being deducted from the serious things of life to pay for the frivolities. It is curious to notice that the value of children in this society was essentially a decorative one. To be trained in the etiquette of their elders, to be dressed in the mode, the little boys in ruffles and swords, the little girls in rouge and patches with false hair piled on their heads, and have their precocious gallantry and *savoir-faire* paraded to the laughter and applause of society, were the uses they were put to. Their infantine compliments and *bons mots* are recited with enthusiasm, and they are allowed to constitute a charming addition to the lapdog and negro page of their mother's suite.

In the same way, when, in turning over the memoirs of the day, we find ourselves arrested by phrase after phrase and episode after episode which record how entirely the whole meaning of marriage and married life has been swamped in a sea of intrigues and petty liaisons, the same sense of the sapping of the serious things of life is brought home to us. One almost hesitates to intrude moral considerations into the presence of anything so irresponsibly gay as the society of the French Court, for indeed there is something disarming and next door to innocent in the excesses of people who are quite unaffectedly and honestly blind to the serious side of things. At the same time, nothing can alter the fact that fathers and mothers and children and husbands and wives are among life's chief realities, and, by a normally healthy society, must be so treated. The truth, of course, is that where great store is set on trifling things and the pursuit of them followed up with intense seriousness, this seriousness has to be paid for in the loss of a corresponding amount of interest in what is real and important. It is this loss of interest in what is real and im-

portant which is the really deadly symptom of the French Court life of the period. The supreme importance attached to gaiety and dissipation and show has so sucked the strength out of all real and important functions that at last the sense for reality has become a lost sense. Children are not realities; wives and husbands are not realities; victories and defeats, as we shall see in a minute, and shame and dishonor are not realities. Nothing can exist, nothing can occur, but it is turned immediately into food for jests. The defeat of Hochstadt is deplored because the skit on it lacks humor. Rosbach is approved because its verses are excellent. Necker's attempts as Minister of Finance to stave off national bankruptcy count for nothing. His fitness for his office is proved by a particularly splendid banquet given to the fashionable world of Paris. Every event, however tragic, every crisis, however grave, is dealt with as comedy. In proportion as the unreal has become real, the real has become unreal.

But this instinct for unreality, which we come to recognize in the court party as quite unfailing, reveals itself in much more important than merely social matters. It reveals itself with just as much infallibility in matters of state policy and national government. It is important to remember in this connection that French society and the French government were, in spirit, one. Richelieu's policy, bequeathed by him to Louis Quatorze, of wrecking feudalism once and for all by depriving the great territorial nobles of their civil duties and responsibilities, was fated to have as grave an effect on the King's authority as on that of the nobles themselves. Shorn of all useful purpose, their authority and functions in their own departments usurped by crown officials, the aristocrats left their huge châteaux and estates and gravitated to Versailles. If they could not be useful

let them be ornamental. It had been decreed that the State should be nothing to them, they proceeded to make society everything. Hence was developed that purely decorative purpose which became the distinguishing note of this French society. But that purpose did not stop at society. It proceeded to corrupt the governing principle itself. Imbedded, so to speak, in the heart of this society, breathing its air, living its life, receiving its influence, cut off by it from the outer world, the monarchy became rapidly infected with its spirit. It had created a frivolous class and itself caught the disease. The government which ensued, a government of mistresses and the favorites of mistresses, was animated purely by the prevailing social frivolity. Henceforth monarchy and aristocracy advance to their doom hand in hand.

We shall not be wandering from our subject if without plunging too deeply into history we dwell just enough on one or two stages of this progress to bring out the special characteristic we have in view. Several of the chief factors which were leading up to the Revolution had their origin in the middle years of the eighteenth century, and of these the two chief, perhaps, were the war of the Austrian Alliance and the philosophic movement in literature. It is interesting to observe how thoroughly in their own manner was the handling by the Court party of these significant events.

During these middle years of the eighteenth century two distinct and opposed lines of policy were offered to France to choose between. One was a policy of concentration; an internal, exclusively European policy, leading to no national development and addressing itself merely to the adjustment of European rivalries. The other was a policy of expansion, consisting in the recognition of the larger opportunities which the newly realized East and West were

beginning to unfold to human enterprise. In this latter policy lay, of course, France's true line of progress. Her position, both in India and America, was strong. In America she laid claim to the whole basin of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and was prepared to back her claims. In 1754 Washington's expedition was forced to capitulate, and in the following year Braddock's much more important force was practically annihilated. The English Company of the Ohio was quashed, and English attempts at expansion everywhere checked and foiled. French forts and blockhouses rose on every eminence and commanded every valley. It was France's avowed object to drive the English east of the Alleghany Mountains, and she was in a fair way by 1755 to accomplish it. Similarly in India the boldness of Dupleix's schemes of French conquest and dominion seemed justified by circumstances. In the rivalry between French Pondichery and British Madras the French settlement had the best of it. Madras fell in 1746. In 1748 the combined land and sea expeditions under Major Lawrence and Admiral Boscawen against Pondichery were repulsed. It is noticeable that in these colonial wars the French leaders were usually men of remarkable energy and dash, prompt to act and ready to accept full responsibility for their actions. Such were La Gallissonnière, Du Quesne and La Corne in America, and Dupleix, La Bourdonnais, and Lally in India. They were well supported, and the vigor with which France's interests were served in these enterprises is in strong contrast to the nerveless and feeble character of her operations in Europe. The truth is that it was in the opportunities for national expansion promised by India that the hopes of French development lay, and so long as she showed a disposition to avail herself of these opportunities France drew to her service all the keen-

est and most adventurous spirits among her children. Instinctively these felt the inspiration of a truly national enterprise, and their activity and vigorous tactics bear witness to the stimulus which arises from co-operating with the spirit of the age.

Their designs, however, as we know, came to nothing. In a few years' time French hopes of expansion both in America and India were blighted. Not for a century was France to resume, under healthier auspices, the scheme of national development which Du Quesne and Dupleix had foreshadowed. What flung her back was the Austrian Alliance. Of the two policies she chose the retrograde one. In buckling the cause of Austria against the progressive races of the North, France associated herself with a set of worn-out, aristocratic, and feudal traditions which were sinking into decrepitude. She championed the ideas that were going out against the ideas that were coming in. The circumstances attending the treaty and the conduct of the war that followed were all of a piece. La Pompadour, as the reader knows, was the guiding spirit throughout. It is not every day that an angry woman can make the armed strength of a nation the instrument of her jealousies and caprices; but La Pompadour enjoyed that luxury. Frederick never troubled to conceal his opinion of her, and his contemptuous "*Je ne la connais pas*," when Voltaire presented him her compliments, was in stinging contrast to Maria Theresa's adroit flattery. Old Kaunitz, past master in the diplomacy of courts, easily perceived the possibilities of the situation, and, while the Empress plied the mistress with compliments, made it the object of his manœuvres to secure the latter's good offices on behalf of Austria. That done, all was done. La Pompadour was France's mistress as much as Louis's. Louis reigned and

his mistress governed, was the saying. The crisis, though the fate of nations hung on it, is purely farcical in motive and idea. La Pompadour, snubbed or noticed by the legitimate Sovereigns of Europe, suggests to our fancy a Becky Sharp, railing at the Countess of Bareacres, or fawning on the Marquis of Steyne. It was for causes such as these that the greatest colonizing chances ever laid before a nation were neglected and thrown away.

Needless to say, the whole Court party threw itself into the Pompadour quarrel with immense enthusiasm. If there was a nation, or society rather, which the French nobility could sympathize with, it was to be found in Vienna. If there was a nation repellant to them above all others, it was practical-minded, unpolished Prussia. Frederick himself might stand for all they most despised and least understood in human nature. They armed for the campaign with delight and an inconceivable frivolity. It was a new distraction. With the fatuity which attended them whenever they came in contact with realities, they conceived that their march through Germany would be a species of grand boar hunt. Encumbered with baggage trains of fine clothes, perfumes and rare wines, they advanced as far as Rosbach, where Frederick's rough troopers, in the space of a single hour, scattered them to the four winds. Between Bernis, La Pompadour's minister in Paris, and the generals in the field there ensues a correspondence which curiously brings out for us the spirit in which France was conducting this enterprise. Soubise, chosen to command, as we are carefully told, for no military qualifications, but for his ingratiating manners and popularity at court, vells the disgrace of a rout he seems scarcely to comprehend under a tissue of euphuisms, excuses and compliments. The more experienced Saint-Germain writes

bluntly that he had under him a band of thieves and assassins who were as ready to mutiny in camp as they were to run away in the field. "Never was anything like it; never was there such a rotten army. The king has about the worst infantry under the sun and the most undisciplined. How can we fight with such troops? The country was covered with our runaway men for forty miles round." He adds savagely, what was indeed the thought of many, "Our nation has no longer any military spirit, and the sentiment of honor is dead in us." The veteran Belleisle writes in similar terms. Never would he have believed that those imperial troops, whose traditions and actions had been so splendid, could lose thus suddenly their glorious reputation and become the scorn of Europe. "We were not ready," wails poor Bernis in reply; "we had to begin without proper preparations; on s'est embarqué témérairement." The army has no food, and no shoes, half of it is without clothes and the cavalry lack boots. Saint-Germain cuts in with a few trenchant home truths about the men and officers. The army indeed appears to be a very faithful image of the nation at large. "The misery of the soldiers would make your heart bleed. They live abject and despised, like chained dogs kept for fighting." The officers meanwhile entirely neglect their military duties and devote all their energies to plundering the country through which they pass.

As the campaign progresses the rage and wonder of those conducting or watching it increases. "Mon Dieu, que notre nation est aplatie! et qu'on fait peu d'attention à la décadence du courage et de l'honneur en France!" "Dans cent régiments on ne trouverait pas six bons lieutenants-colonels. Nous ne savons plus faire la guerre. Nulle nation n'est moins militaire que la nôtre . . . Nous officiers ne valent rien,

ils sont indignes de servir. Tous soupirent après le repos, l'oisiveté et l'argent." The Versailles system of promotion is naturally the subject of some criticism. "Our best officers, recognizing that there is no chance of promotion for them since they are not under Court protection, can ill endure to be commanded by a lot of boobies. How should young colonels, la plupart avec des mœurs de grisette, re-inspire the army with the ideas of honor and constancy?" And for the hundredth time the lament is heard that "ignorance, frivolity, negligence, cowardice have replaced the old virile and heroic virtues."

To the actors in these scenes the general incapacity and decadence were inexplicable; and to the few who remembered earlier and better traditions the present seemed, as Bernis calls it, a horrible nightmare. To us, looking back, the obvious suggestion offers itself that the strength of France was not put forth in this war because it was not really a French war at all. Engaged in a quarrel of the king's mistress, and led by the favorites and flunkies of Versailles, the rout of the French army at Rosbach and the disgraces of the campaigns that followed reveal to us, not the degeneration of French character and courage, but rather the total separation and divorce of the governing body from the realities of French national life. It is curious to observe how, while the pride of Choiseul and the soldierly instinct of Saint-Germain and old Belleisle prompt them to a reconstruction of the army and the continuance of the war, Bernis, weaker but much more clear-sighted, foretells the failure of such a policy and lays a finger on the real cause of mischief. "I am floored, not by our misfortunes, but by the certainty that the true remedy will never be applied. There is but one cure—a better government. Give me a good government and I will go on with the war, but there is no chance of our

getting one." A government in touch with the realities of the nation's life, that is what poor Bernis feels the want of. It is the hopeless frivolity of the present government that puzzles and sickens, and indeed seriously threatens to send him off his head. "We live like children," he moans; "the wills of children control the governing principle." The king, "*nullement inquiet de nos inquiétudes ni embarrassé de nos embarras*," has distractions of his own into which it is well not to pry too closely. The Court is the Court still. Its gaiety suffers no eclipse. Rather the contrary, for defeats are always something to talk about and the loss of an army is almost sure to inspire a good joke or two. In vain poor Bernis tears his hair. "*Il n'y a pas d'exemple qu'on fait si gros jeu avec la même indifférence qu'on jouerait une partie de quadrille*." At last he can stand it no longer. The jokes and gibbering laughter round him break down his nerves. He begs and implores to be dismissed from office, and, having with infinite trouble achieved his own disgrace, creeps away to his exile at Vic-sur-Aisne, glad at any price to be quit of the nightmare existence he had of late been leading.

All these symptoms, it will be seen, are of a piece, and all may be referred to the same cause. The purposeless, unmeaning quarrel, the unclothed and unfed armies, the court-favorite generals, the languid operations in the field, the utter indifference of the nation to the whole business, the idiot laughter of the courtiers at their own reverses, the frenzy and lamentations of poor Bernis—what are all these signs but a testimony to the one root-fact that the French Court has got altogether out of touch with the realities of life? Granting that, all the rest follows. In conception and execution the campaign is a consistent and perfectly frank avowal that in the governing body fri-

volity has passed into that phase when it assumes control of life. From that final and terrible phase there is no return possible. The rout of armies, the loss of colonies, the starvation and misery of the people are events which will be dealt with by this frivolity in accordance with the laws of its own nature. You may cut these people in pieces, but you will get nothing real or serious out of them. They will pay their visits of ceremony and talk trifles and gallantry in the Bastille, and reserve, in all good faith, their most polished witticism for the scaffold.

And if these great events and the policy adopted by the country bear witness to the dying out of the sense of reality in the Court party, not less clearly does this also appear when we turn to the intellectual movement of the age. In France, more distinctly than elsewhere, the idea leads the way and the great outburst of the Revolution was preceded forty years earlier by an intellectual revolt of corresponding energy and daring. It was during the decade from 1750 to 1760 that this revolt declared itself. The appearance of the *Encyclopædia* may be likened to that movement in a general action when to the scattered shots of scouts and advance guards succeeds the roar of heavy guns in position. The effect of the publication in affording a rallying-point for independent thinkers was decisive. The persecution of the Court and the Jesuits broke in vain upon the movement. D'Alembert might be choked off, but the indomitable Diderot gathered round him a body of associates of unflinching tenacity. The crisis has in it something of the excitement of an actual conflict. It differs from most philosophic enterprises in this, that the theories and definitions of the *Encyclopædists* are not abstract theories and definitions, but are designed for immediate use. They are not shot off into the air, but are aimed

at a mark. The appearance of the first instalment of the *Encyclopædia* marks the formal declaration of the mind of France for the nation and the people, and against the Court and the privileged class; and the agitation which ensued is, as Mr. Morley in his life of Diderot points out, not a speculative and philosophical agitation, but a political and social one.

"Political ideas have been grasped as instruments; philosophy has become patriotism," are phrases in which Mr. Morley defines the character of this great mental awakening. In article after article of the *Encyclopædia* the evils of the age are hinted at or criticized. That more than a quarter of all the land of France was lying unbroken or abandoned; that arbitrary imposts resulted in the flight of the population to the large towns; that large tracts of land are turned into wildernesses by the abuse of the game-preserving system; that an equal distribution of profits is preferable to an unequal one, since the latter results in the division of the people into two classes, "one gorged with riches, the other perishing in misery"; these are the kind of points raised, and these, it will be observed, are thrusts dealt in earnest. The Society of Jesus, whose misfortune it has ever been to find itself opposed to the cause of freedom and the people, clamors for the suppression of the publication. The King wavers betwixt a snarl and a whimper. It is suppressed, and Diderot is imprisoned. It is continued, and Diderot is released. Meantime the movement all over the country gathers head. In every province and country town the pens are going. Ideas, with that wicked sparkle in them which marks them as missiles, are hurled from all sides against king and courtiers and priests alike. The closeness of the act behind the thought is indicated by the public excitement, and outrageous placards, pamphlets,

and satires of ever-increasing bitterness and directness give that excitement vent.

But this, after all, reveals a destructive rather than a constructive purpose, and it is by its constructive purpose that the real character of a movement declares itself. What, then, is the constructive purpose of the *Encyclopædists*? It may be indicated in two words of Mr. Morley's. They were inspired, he says, by an "earnest enthusiasm for all the purposes, interests, and details of productive industry," and, following this bent, they attached an importance to physical science and the practical arts which marks "the distinct association with pacific labor of honor and a kind of glory, such as had hitherto been reserved for knights and friars." A keen sympathy with, and earnest desire to resuscitate, all that is practical, all that is productive; sympathy with the workshop, the factory, the agriculturist, the artisan, with all forms of useful and fruitful labor, that is what constitutes the attitude of the *Encyclopædists* towards life. And the desire to revive conditions favorable to this useful and fruitful labor is their constructive purpose. This is what forms the bond of brotherhood between them, and this is what marks the movement as "the definite recognition of the basis of a new society."

And all this may be summed up by saying that the object of this movement was to regain touch with the realities of life. That is the long and short of it. At the very moment when frivolity is entering into undisputed command, and, in all affairs of public policy and private life, is busy turning everything into unreality to suit its own nature, the mind of France awakens to the nature of the crisis and declares for poor despised reality. To explode the shams and make-believes which the spirit of frivolity had evolved, and to raise up and re-animate all those down-

trodden and oppressed causes and interests which constituted what was real in the national life, became the aim of the French intellect. If ever a nation was saved by ideas, France was so saved in the eighteenth century. This movement it was which in the world of thought and of ideas represented reality. What share had the Court party in such a movement; what welcome did they accord it?

No mental sensation is more curious than the change we are conscious of in passing from the affairs of the world, and the eager argument and exposition which were exciting the interest and curiosity of all minds in France capable of such emotions, to the affairs of the Court. Here all life seems under the power of some spell or enchantment. No sound from without penetrates the magic circle. It has its own ideas, its own standards, its own tastes and engrossing pursuits, all of which are ignored by the world as the affairs of the world are by it ignored. Looking at it from the outside, you would say that life within this circle was some acted charade or pantomime, and that by-and-by the actors would relapse into the pursuits and duties of everyday life. Only when we have turned the pages slowly of some of the abounding memoirs of the period do we begin to acquire ourselves some feeble consciousness of the seeming reality and apparent genuineness of this sham existence. Let us quote, as a specimen, the following account of the introduction of the Venetian ambassadress to Court:

Madame de Luynes made a curtsey to the Queen and another to the ladies of the Court and then went to receive Madame Zeno, the wife of the Venetian ambassador, outside the door of the Queen's room. They saluted each other, complimented and kissed each other. Then they came in to the Queen, Madame de Luynes walking in front to the right, then the ambassadress, and after her M. de Sainclot. Madame de

Luynes having taken up her position, Madame Zeno made one curtsey to the Queen as she entered, a second in the middle of the room, a third when she got close to the Queen, and then kissed the hem of her Majesty's robe and made a fourth curtsey, at the same time addressing her a brief compliment. A few minutes afterwards the King arrived by the *salon* which serves as the Queen's withdrawing-room. Madame Zeno immediately rose, as did all the ladies. She made two or three curtseys during which the King, who had bowed to her as he came in, advanced and kissed her, but only on one side of the face. Madame Zeno then made another curtsey. The King retired the same way he came. The ambassadress then proceeded to repeat the same three curtseys she had made on entering, except that, after the second, she made one to the Court ladies, and reserved the third till she got to the door.

The Duc de Luynes, the husband of the lady who made the first curtsey, was a very favorable specimen of a French aristocrat of his time. He wrote his memoirs in seventeen volumes, and of those seventeen volumes the above quotation is a fair sample. Upright and honorable, not wanting in sense, he was a courtier and shared the limitations of interest of the Court party. If the reader will immerse himself for an hour or two in those memoirs of the Duc de Luynes, he will find that as the details of an interminable etiquette are described and dissected the solemn and unquestioning seriousness of the treatment will gradually have its effect upon him. Court ceremony and Court gossip will envelope him. He will find himself accepting as matter of deadly earnest the most petty jealousies and intrigues, scandals and whisperings, sarcasms and effronteries, machinations and plots of mistresses and favorites, and all the thousand trifles which compose the tissue of this effete and bloodless existence. And as the unreal becomes real, the

real will become unreal. He will hear the voices, speaking the thoughts that are soon to be put into terrible actions, die away into an unmeaning murmur. Never is the serenity of this "beautiful Armida-Palace," to use one of Carlyle's phrases, "where the inmates live enchanted lives," broken by any sound from the outer world. A faint and far-away note, with little meaning left in it, occasionally penetrates, and our good duke raises his head to catch the unusual sounds. "On dit que les esprits s'échauffent," he mutters, vaguely troubled, to himself. And again, "Les esprits sont encore bien éloignés de la soumission que le roi demande." And yet again, more puzzled than ever, "la conduite du Parlement devient plus singulière de jour en jour." Then back we go to the serious business of life, to the number of horses Madame de la Tournelle is to be allowed to drive in her carriage, or the varieties of the royal meals and the distinction between *pot royal*, *petit pot royal*, and *grand pot royal*.

The severance of a section of society from the mind and purpose of its age is, in the case of France, particularly serious; for it is by her hold on ideas that France supports herself. That the English aristocracy of the Georgian reign was inaccessible to ideas did not greatly matter, since, the English genius being practical, the hold of our aristocracy on the national life has always consisted in the active part played by it in party politics and the government of the country. The French aristocracy had long lost any such hold as that; but another hold, the participation in ideas, still remained possible for it, and constituted its last chance of salvation. It was not taken. The dilettante interest in the new philosophy which titillated the curiosity of French society stopped far short of active participation. The reality of that interest was tested by the Turgot

administration. Himself perhaps the greatest example living of that spirit at once philosophical and practical which animated the thought of the age, Turgot, as a desperate remedy, was made Minister of Finance in 1774, and the only really sincere and heartfelt utterance of the Court on record is the storm of protest with which it met the suggestion that it should abandon the separate and artificial system of life and shoulder the common burden of the economic crisis.

That protesting storm and the dismissal of Turgot which followed it signified the rejection by Versailles of the ideas of the age, and is another remarkable proof of the impossibility of getting a thoroughly artificial class to face reality. For all Taine's receptive industry it is clear that the new philosophy, the philanthropic craze, the return to nature, were never more to the Court party than toys and poses. Into the confines of the enchanted circle the advice and warning of Turgot and the reasoning of Diderot and Voltaire came with the same dull and unmeaning sound as the booming of the Rosbach cannon. The impression left upon one's mind at last is a sense of separation amounting to total severance between Court life and real life. That severance from reality we distinguish as the *note* of the Versailles section of the community, and we shall surely be not far wrong if we discern in this the necessity and justification of the oncoming Revolution. The law of nature is inevitable that the thing cut off from use is cut off from life. A class whose splendor and show are the decoration on solid services performed may be yet secure. But a class whose splendor and show are their own sole justification and aim in life is heading dead for the guillotine.

Perhaps the reader will smile if, turning from these great affairs of state, once more to the Hertford House gal-

leries, we suggest that the spirit we have been observing in matters of government is the spirit which reigns among these tables and cabinets. And yet, for those quick at seizing the character and significance of such things, we doubt if there exists in history, literature, or anything else, any such effective help towards a complete realization of the French Court and society as is provided by an exhibition like the Wallace Collection. Let the student who would really appreciate the causes of the Revolution leave for an afternoon his journals and memoirs, and, instead of building up laboriously an intellectual conception of those causes, lay himself open here to an æsthetic conception of them. Let him note the agreement and unanimity of all that he sees in these rooms and then go on to seek the reason of this unanimity in the common meaning and intention which all these things share. Let him ask if this meaning does not consist in the essentially decorative purpose of every object present, in the fact that they one and all strain after show and splendor, and turn their backs on reality and the uses of everyday life. Is it possible to conceive a better expression of that spirit which the aristocrats of France, shorn of their civic duties and feudal responsibilities, brought to Versailles, with which they inoculated the ruling principle, and which, from that hour on, marks every act, not of society only, but of the government? Henceforth take any transaction you like, private or public, and the spirit animating them will be the same. Always the enthusiasm displayed is for

the unrealities at the expense of the realities of life. Children are turned into toys, marriage is broken up by fugitive intrigues, the colonies are abandoned in favor of an Austrian Alliance, endless discourses on Court punctilio occupy men's minds to the exclusion of the burning thoughts that are spurring France on to deeds. On all sides and under all circumstances the Court and the Court party, with an infallible instinct, select the unreal and forsake the real. Their genuine preoccupations, those into which they throw their serious effort, are purely frivolous. To eclipse the last mad freak by one still madder, at all costs so to sparkle as to make jaded fashion stare, if only for a moment, these are the things worth living for. In every crisis the test we learnt in the Hertford House galleries, "a decorative rather than a useful purpose," applies to the conduct of society and the government.

These are, it seems to us, considerations which should be borne in mind by lovers of this furniture. They endue it with additional interest. Of its many other attractions there is the less need to speak, since these are nowadays appreciated at even more perhaps than their legitimate value. But its historical interest has been unaccountably neglected, and of the large number of people to whose sympathies it appeals so forcibly and who admire it so enthusiastically, few, if any, see in it a representation of the spirit which for fifty years dominated the French government and the French aristocracy, and led up finally to the catastrophe of 1789.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XXII.

WOMEN AND MEN.

Lady d'Abernon with her coach and eight and her daughter was come to town, to the common distress of her daughter, the coach, and the eight. For the roads were very grievous in that wet summer, and Mistress Nelly d'Abernon protested that town gentlemen were harder to bear than the dampest countryside.

Lady d'Abernon, tight clad in crimson, was consoling herself with a sermon by Dr. South; Mistress Nell, in drooping robes of pale blue, embroidered a sampler, till: "La, ma'am I cannot bear another stitch," she cried, and put down the silk with a bang and sprang up, her brown curls adance in the light. Lady d'Abernon lifted pained eyes from Dr. South and sighed with ostentation. "I wonder that Jack does not come, do not you?" said Nelly with her head on one side to regard her mother.

Lady d'Abernon drew down the corners of her mouth. "Even Mr. Dane would scarce dare do that," said she severely.

"Indeed, are we so ill thought on, ma'am?"

"I mean, child," Lady d'Abernon kindly explained, "that a youth whose vicious courses constrained his father to cut him off —"

"Oh faith, I have heard 'twas he cut off his father."

"You are foolish and pert, Helen. How could a son cut off his father? Will you never learn that 'tis not witty to be ludicrous?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Nell with a demure curtesy, "'tis often I tell myself so. I think I have need."

"Persons of breeding," said Lady d'Abernon didactically, "may choose to laugh. But they will despise you."

"Oh nay, I trust, ma'am."

"I say that it is so, child. I think that I am old enough to know. I may tell you that a man in such ill fame as Mr. Dane is not like to dare present himself to a lady of reputation."

"Perhaps, ma'am, he does not know that we are that," said Nell in a small child's voice.

"Helen!" said her mother fiercely.

"He does not know us very well, you know."

"You may be assured that he is not like to know us better. I do not receive Mr. Dane. I have not informed him that we are come to town."

"I was afraid you'd forget it, ma'am. So I did."

Lady d'Abernon threw up her plump white hands. "Helen!" she cried and turned her eyes to the ceiling. "You wrote to him?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. I know he can read."

"To write."—Lady d'Abernon gasped in horror—"in the worst fame—a Whig—you, a maid in your teens."

"La, 'tis no fault of mine, that," cried Nell, and went on hastily, "and do you know, I'll not believe all the stories about Jack."

"All the stories?" Lady d'Abernon's voice rose high. "Helen! You have never heard them?"

A faint blush stained Nell's cheek and neck. "Indeed, ma'am, if I have 'tis blame to you," she said in a low voice. Lady d'Abernon stammered. "Yes to you. You chose to leave me with my lord Sherborne. Oh, 'tis a gallant gentleman! He thought my ears fit for his stories." Her blush grew

darker. "Yes, ma'am, they were horrible — and I choose not believe one word of all. Not one word!" She stamped her foot.

"I had never thought the like of my lord Sherborne," said Lady d'Abernon tearfully. "He is in the best favor at Court. Sure, you must have mistook him, child."

"Am I a fool, ma'am?" said Nell sharply.

"I wish you were more like me." Lady d'Abernon was plaintive and wiping her eyes. "Ah, when I was a girl we had not dared speak so to our mothers nor to think of such things."

Nell's little red mouth quivered; she succumbed to the temptation. "As mothers?" she inquired naively. "La, ma'am, they are innocent creatures."

"Helen!" Lady d'Abernon endeavored to stare her daughter into shame.

But Nell laughed gaily. "Alas, poor Jack! I wonder he dare live with such enemies. I think I will be his friend, ma'am, for charity."

Lady d'Abernon made a curious noise in her chest, "Be silent, child!" she said hoarsely. She was crimson of face.

"I had done, indeed," said Nell, and sat down, and with some ostentation began to write a billet. Lady d'Abernon glared at her over the top of the sermon by Dr. South.

At the same hour my lord Sherborne stood under the passion-flower by the door of the little house beyond St. Martin's. To the garden gate behind him came a light coach. The house door was open wide enough to display the red face of a maid; from the coach door issued my lady Sunderland in pink.

"Please you, my lord, my mistress will not receive you," said the maid.

"Thou impudent wench!" cried my lord, and put his shoulder against the door. The plump maid withstood him.

And my lady Sunderland was coming through the garden. My lady lifted

her ebony staff and tapped my lord on the shoulder from afar. "Holà, rogue," says she. My lord turned hastily, crimson of face, and glared. "Lud, I am abashed," laughed my lady and swept on. "Your mistress will receive me, girl," says she in another tone, and the maid opened the door. My lord was for following her in when my lady swept round upon him. "I leave my lacqueys without, my lord," said she; and then turning again, "Shut the door, girl."

So my lady came alone and magnificent, to the little green room. Mistress Charlbury fell before her in a low curtsy of ceremony. But my lady laughed: "La, child, I am neither the queen nor your grandmother," and put her hand in Rose's arm and drew her to a settle. "Sure, you know I have no reverence for reverences."

"You are kind, my lady."

"I am 'my lady' to my enemies, Rose. Let me rest from it here, at least." She looked into the girl's dark eyes. "Faith, 'tis a respite to find two eyes that look at me fairly." And with that excuse for staring my lady discovered that the eyes were duller, the dainty features marked in sharper line than of old. "But what is't that dims this, child?" and my lady tapped the pale cheek. "Are you sick of love or other matters?" The pale cheek was swiftly aflame. My lady let her wrist fall on Rose's shoulder; her fingers hung down, and the girl's uneasy bosom beat against them.

"No. I am not ill," said Rose.

"Nay, then, 'tis the pure romantic pallor!" my lady laughed, and she drooped her lashes. Rose was leaning forward a little, looking straight before her. My lady remarked how large, how dark were her eyes. Her bosom still stirred my lady's finger-tips. "I'll engage 'tis a lover's quarrel," my lady drawled.

Rose turned upon her. "Since I have

no lover, my lady, I have no quarrel," she cried.

"Now to see my lord Sherborne's face I would say you had both," my lady murmured, unmoved.

"I'll thank you, my lady, not to name my lord Sherborne to me," cried Rose flushing.

"La, you child! Now 'tis a fine gentleman—and they say he has some youthful vigor left yet—and I know he has still a crown or two—and (faith, 'tis the crowning miracle of him) I think he means you honestly."

"And I am to love him for that?" said Rose quietly, and her lip curled.

"Oh, lud, I never bade woman love man yet. So 'tis M. de Beaujeu is the favored swain, Rose? Who is he, this M. de Beaujeu?" My lady's delicate finger-tips marked the girl's bosom rest still.

"Faith, my lady, I engage the French gentleman thinks even less of me than I of him."

"It is possible," my lady murmured, looking from under her eyelashes. "But I have an interest in the gentleman, child. Who is he?"

"You, my lady?" cried Rose. "Why, then?"

"Why perhaps he has made his addresses to me, Rose. Who knows?"

Rose turned to stare. My lady met her with a benevolent smile. Then Rose laughed: "Indeed if he had I think you would be alone among women, my lady."

"Is it so chaste a soul, in faith?" my lady drawled. "Lud, are you so sure of him?" and she paused to laugh. "But, faith, 'tis a curst mysterious gentleman, child. Whence did he come, or why?"

"'Tis a Huguenot gentleman of Auvergne, exiled for his faith," said Rose glibly.

"You think so? Do you know they have never heard of this exile in Paris?" My lady's finger-tips felt the

girl's bosom start. My lady turned a little. "Mark me now, child," says she. "Do you recall an old flame of yours—before you were the talk of the town—a Tom Dane? Ah, I see that you do. 'Twas a rogue that bolted from the tipstiffs—"

"Sure, I am little like to forget him!" cried Rose. "He called me 'Delilla'!"

"A venomous cub, faith! Thinking you had betrayed him?"

"Yes," said Rose blushing, then caught my lady's hand. "But indeed, indeed I had not," she cried.

"La, should I doubt you! But this true lover did, it seems? Cast you off at the first trouble? Reviled you before the tipstiffs? Lud, a dainty fine gentleman!"

"You can guess how I hate him," said Rose in a low voice.

"Poor child," says my lady patting her shoulder, "poor child. A mean rogue, faith. 'Twould be my delight to see him hanged. Now child, do you know 'tis whispered this same rascal has dared to come back to England in the body of M. de Beaujeu?"

"M. de Beaujeu?" cried Rose. "M. de Beaujeu is Mr. Dane? La, they are no more like than my lord Sherborne and my lord Sunderland, than—than the King and yourself."

"Thank God, 'tis a reasonable unlikeness, that!" cried my lady laughing. *Bien*, 'tis pity. I would rejoice to hang Mr. Dane for your sake—and not grieve to hang this Beaujeu for his own."

"Faith, I resign you Mr. Dane gladly, my lady. But I protest I have found M. de Beaujeu an honest gentleman."

"Now have you?" said Lady Sunderland sharply, and then yawned. "Heigho—give me some tea in charity. I must needs go see Mistress Evelyn, who will give it me with religion—watery both."

So my lady having had her entertainment, had her tea, and departed.

Mistress Rose attended her to the door of the coach, and my lady looked at her curiously and long. My lady was reflecting that she had probably met love that day. The acquaintance was novel and interesting.

And at the same hour M. de Beaujeu devoted himself to reflection and tobacco. All was going well and very well. The great gentlemen had been admirably scared by the King, and they suffered themselves to be manœuvred as readily as his own regiment of Irish. His schemes were fulfilled easily, precisely as if he were playing chess. M. de Beaujeu conceived that Providence—himself—might for a moment turn its gaze aside. He desired to consider his private affairs.

The mind of M. de Beaujeu, if not equal to my lord Sunderland's in subtlety, had a turn for the discovery of motive. That mind was much exercised by the last word of my lady Sunderland: "Ay, sir, 'tis your hour. But at least we had ours when we made your love false."

Why this eagerness to remind him? Sure he had shown them well enough (he smiled) that he had not forgotten their kindness. My lady could scarce hope or desire to magnify his hate. But being a woman desiring only to wound, she might strike madly. "In effect she is not so much a woman," muttered Beaujeu with a grin, and then frowned.

There was one way to explain my lady. M. de Beaujeu, seeing it very clearly, for long declined to confess that he saw it all. At last (he wriggled in his chair) he put it fairly. My lady would have him believe Rose was false because Rose was true. That—that would be entirely like Sunderland or his lady. To lead him of his own sole deed to damn himself to unhappiness (M. de Beaujeu thinking of himself became eloquent) what triumph for them! Suppose for one brief instant that Sun-

derland had not bought Rose—that the girl (oh, miracle!) was true—that M. de Beaujeu might yet learn it, and so come to content in her embraces. Why, then was there plentiful cause for my lady Sunderland (who must hate him vastly) to do her possible to convince him the girl was false. If false she were indeed, my lady was more like to declare her true. My lady would laugh to see him embrace a wench that had sold him. Also my lady would laugh to see him spurn a girl that loved him truly. My lady had desired him to spurn the girl. Then——?

So M. de Beaujeu, conceiving he had quite sounded the profundity of my lady, who had intended him to think just that.

But, faith, how could man believe the girl was aught but a cheat? Beaujeu lived over again that seven-years-old afternoon, had attained to his final glory, "Delila, good-night," when intruded suddenly an echo of Mr. Healy's voice: "I doubt you were mightily like your cousin."

It was not in the least agreeable to Beaujeu to be mightily like his cub of a cousin. But in fact they had said the same thing. With vastly different cause though, begad! Without the girl's lure he had not been easily taken: without her letter there had been no evidence. No. There was no likeness at all. No man in his place but would have thought her false. Jack was a vain and surly cub, and quite precisely the effects of his vanity and surliness had been calculated. There was the whole world of difference.

But to consider the matter abstractly—to judge it without passion. Slowly—very slowly—M. de Beaujeu (whose pipe went out on the way) came to admit a theoretical possibility that he had been wrong. It was (in theory) to be conceived that Rose had been true. But if so, begad, the chance and change of the afternoon had been most marvel-

lous unlucky. No man could be blamed for judging her false. Sure, if true she was, she was the most unfortunate wench alive—'twas the most damnable appearance of guilt that ever deceived an honest man.

An honest man? Eh, if the honest man had in fact been deceived, he had done some curious things, this same honest man. It must be confessed the wench had cause of complaint, poor soul. Bah, why not be honest? Why not confess that if she were true he had been a knave to her, a very foul——

There came a tap at the door, and at once the dainty grace of Mistress Leigh. M. de Beaujeu put down his pipe and started up to stand before her stiff and soldierly. Mistress Leigh acknowledged his politeness in a curtsey so long and low that it seemed she was never to rise again.

"I trust I can serve you?" said Beaujeu.

"Oh, faith! I'd not presume to dare to trouble you," Mistress Leigh murmured, with downcast eyes.

"Pray believe that it will be my pleasure to do whatever you desire of me."

"It will be so, indeed. For I desire nothing of you," and Mistress Leigh exalted her little chin in the air. "I had hoped that I would find Mr. Healy."

"May I hope to hear what is your quarrel with me?" Beaujeu inquired gravely.

"Would one in your power dare quarrel with you? Oh, monsieur, with you! Nay, indeed, we must crawl before you!"

Beaujeu stood stiffer still. "If I have been discourteous I pray your pardon. With the baseness of your taunt I do not reproach myself."

It was a vastly irritating gentleman who had not a temper to lose. So Mistress Leigh broke out upon him with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks.

"Reproach yourself? Did I dream that you would, monsieur? Not with any baseness—till you esteem something besides your own magnificence." Mistress Leigh had the un hoped-for pleasure of seeing a shade of color pass to his thin cheeks. He stared at her.

The door opened and Mr. Healy entered whistling. Beaujeu glanced round, then bowed to Mistress Leigh, and: "Mademoiselle requires you, Healy," said he, and went out.

"And do you that now?" said Healy, smiling at her red face.

Mistress Leigh tossed her little head. "The French gentleman is pleased to be witty," says she in a small contemptuous voice.

"Why, would he not quarrel with you, neither? Sure we will break your heart between us."

"Quarrel? La no! He'd but insult me, knowing I dare not answer him lest he should give us up."

Mr. Healy's smile vanished. Mr. Healy approached her, looking into the fierce bright eyes and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear lass," says he, "why will you lower yourself to talk so?"

In a moment her eyes fell, a darker blush than anger's flooded her face. "I—I pray your pardon, Mr. Healy," she stammered.

"I would like your hand on it," said Healey smiling.

It was given timidly, then surrounded by his long sinewy fingers. The girl looked up "I have talked just to hurt," she said, blushing still, but meeting his eyes.

"'Tis a truculent maid that you are, indeed. You should cultivate gilly-flowers. 'Tis calming to the passions. Did you ever note the placidity of a pipkin, now?" So Mr. Healy, smiling at her, and the girl pressed his hand.

"I am," said she, "horrible."

At which Mr. Healey burst out laughing. "Sure, you are a Gorgon entirely,"

says he, and the round cheeks were persuaded to dimple. "Will you come now and look at a pipkin?"

"I doubt I am unworthy, sir." Mr. Healy offered his arm. "Nay, but indeed I had something to say."

"Is it peace, now?" said Mr. Healy laughing.

"I fear 'tis not." Mr. Healy assumed an aspect of great fear. "Nay, sir, pray listen." Her blue eyes were wide and very serious. "For the second day at least I have marked a man watching the house —"

"My dear," says Mr. Healy, "he may watch till he wears out his two eyes."

But Mistress Leigh, who knew nought of Beaujeu's acquisition of Sunderland, was not satisfied. "But, Mr. Healy, I doubt 'tis for us he watches —"

"I will cast my eye upon him," said Mr. Healy.

They went out, and Mr. Healy was turning to the stairs when the girl opened the door of her own room. "'Tis only from this window. He lurks behind the buttress," she said over her shoulder. Mr. Healy stood on the threshold a moment, then strode into the little white room. His sharp eyes puckered to peer through the sunlight; then he chuckled.

"Sure, 'tis an ancient acquaintance," says he. "I will go salute him." Mistress Leigh opened the casement.

She beheld Mr. Healy go forth to the street. She heard Mr Healy remark: "Jack, my dear, come out of your box." She saw the spy hurry away up the street. She heard Mr. Healy cry, "Convey my private salutations to Lord Sherborne." And then she came out to meet Mr. Healy on the stairs. "'Tis purely a private friendship of Beaujeu's," said Mr. Healy.

"And no danger?"

Mr Healy laughed. "'Tis an adequate gentleman, our Beaujeu. Will you come to my pipkins now?"

"All unworthy, sir," says Mistress Leigh, with a little mocking curtsy.

So they came to the fragrant window, and: "'God Almighty first planted a garden,'" said Mr. Healy, after my Lord Bacon.

"But not in pipkins," the girl murmured demurely.

"Sure, there were merits in Eden," Mr. Healey agreed. "Two folks could scarce house in a pipkin."

"But at least they would have no room for the serpent."

"Faith, I doubt if the serpent gentleman visits at all without invitation." Mr. Healy stooped to cut a dark flower.

"And do you think you could keep him out of your Eden, sir?"

Mr. Healy stood up with the flower in his hand. He smiled down at the fair roguish face, at her bright blue eyes. The light was falling, a wonder of glory, on the red gold of her hair, and beneath it her neck was white. Mr. Healy laid his hand gently on her little thin arm where the lace fell away from it. "My dear lass," says he softly, "I would be asking you that. Do you think I could keep the serpent beyond the hedge?"

"I doubt it depends on your Eve, sir," said Mistress Nancy Leigh, laughing at him.

"Faith, 'tis so!" Mr. Healy agreed and bent over her.

"La, sir! And when there are dead leaves to be looked for!" cried the girl starting back. "See now!" and she pointed one fair finger to a leaf garishly yellow, afar.

"Sure, I was forgetting my duty altogether," says Healy smiling at her, and put down his flower and moved solemnly to the offending leaf.

Mistress Leigh and the flower departed together.

Mr. Healy turned round again: "Oh Eve, Eve!" said he aloud — and heard the ripple of a laugh.

H. C. Bailey.

AN INCURSION INTO DIPLOMACY.

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

I have long owed a full statement to a number of my countrymen, who once trusted me unreservedly with a considerable sum of money, as to how this money was spent. The occasion was in January of 1902, when, through the columns of the "Times," I appealed for funds to enable me to publish and distribute abroad, in the different languages of Europe, a simple and direct statement of the British case in the Boer War, and an answer to those charges of inhumanity against our soldiers which were rife upon the Continent. Those charges, if left unrefuted, were not only a stain upon our national repute, but were also a very grave practical danger, for they inclined a large body of the public in each country towards a moral sympathy with the Boers which greatly strengthened their position. There was even reason to fear that such sympathy might at last translate itself into action, and that, carried away by the feelings of their people, and encouraged possibly by some transitory Boer success, intervention from abroad might even at the eleventh hour throw oil on the dying flames. It was this obvious danger which caused me to embark upon a small unauthorized incursion into amateur diplomacy.

In the first place, let me apologize if I tell the narrative in a personal way. I know no other way to tell it, since I was both the originator and, in conjunction with Mr. Reginald J. Smith, the carrier out of the idea. But let me hasten to say that I am fully aware that there are many who could have done the work with greater authority and with higher literary skill. The only qualifications which I could urge were the negative ones, that I was not connected either with the Government or

with the Army, and that therefore I could in no way be represented as a mere official mouthpiece. Against me was the fact that I was best known as a writer of fiction, a personal argument which was freely used both abroad and at home. However, if one always waited for the ideal man to come along, nothing would ever get done; so I fell back upon the excuse that the thing needed doing, and that, however imperfectly I did it, it was none the less to the best of my power.

How well I can remember the inception of my enterprise! The date was January 7, 1902. The day was a Tuesday. Sir Henry Thompson was holding that evening one of those charming "octave" dinners at which it was my occasional privilege to attend, and I was going up to town from Hindhead to keep the engagement. Sitting alone in a carriage I read the foreign correspondence of the "Times." In a single column there were accounts of meetings in all parts of Europe—notably one of some hundreds of Rhineland clergymen—protesting against our brutalities to our enemies. There followed a whole column of extracts from foreign papers, with grotesque descriptions of our barbarities. To any one who knew the easygoing British soldier or the character of his leaders the thing was unspeakably absurd; and yet, as I laid down the paper and thought the matter over, I could not but admit that these Continental people were acting under a generous and unselfish motive which was much to their credit. How could they help believing these things, and, believing them, was it not their duty by meeting, by article, by any means, to denounce them? Could we accuse them of being credulous? Would we not be equally so if all our

accounts of any transaction came from one side, and were supported by such journalists and, above all, such artists as lent their pens and pencils, whether venally or not, to the Boer cause? Of course we would. And whose fault was it that our side of the question was not equally laid before the jury of the civilized world? Perhaps we were too proud, perhaps we were too negligent; but the fact was obvious that judgment was being given against us by default. How *could* they know our case? Where could they find it? If I were asked what document they could consult, what would I answer? Blue-books and State papers are not for the multitude. There were books like Fitz-Patrick's "Transvaal from Within" or E. T. Cook's "Rights and Wrongs"; but these were expensive volumes, and not readily translated. Nowhere could be found a statement which covered the whole ground in a simple fashion. Why didn't some Briton draw it up? And then, like a bullet through my head, came the thought, "Why don't you draw it up yourself?"

The next instant I was on fire with the idea. Never in my life have I been so conscious of a direct imperative call which drove every other thought from the mind. If I were a humble advocate, it was all the better, since I could have no axe to grind. I was fairly well posted in the facts already, as I had written an interim history of the war. I had seen something of the campaign, and possessed many documents which bore upon the matter. My plans widened every instant. I would raise money from the public, and by the sale of the book at home. With this I would translate it into every language. These translations should be given away wholesale. Every professor, every clergyman, every journalist, every politician, should have one put under his nose in his own language. In future, if they traduced us, they

could no longer plead ignorance that there was another side to the question. Before I reached London all my programme was sketched out in my head. There was no item of it, I may add, which was not eventually carried through.

Fortune was my friend. I have said that I was dining that night with Sir Henry Thompson. My neighbor at dinner was a gentleman whose name I had not caught. My mind being full of the one idea, my talk soon came round to it, and instead of my neighbor being bored, my remarks were received with a courteous and sympathetic attention which caused me to make even greater demands upon his patience. Having listened from the soup to the savory (often has my conscience rebuked me since), he ended by asking me mildly how I proposed to raise the money for these wide-reaching schemes. I answered that I would appeal to the public. He asked he how much would suffice. I answered that I could make a start with a thousand pounds. He remarked that it would take much more than that. "However," he added, "if a thousand pounds would go any way towards it, I have no doubt that sum could be got for you." "From whom?" I asked. He gave me his name and address and said, "I have no doubt that, if you carry out the scheme on the lines you suggest, I could get the money. When you have done your work, come to me, and we will see how it is best to proceed." I promised to do so, and thanked him for his encouragement.

This was my first stroke of good luck. A second came next morning. I had occasion to call upon the publishing house of Smith, Elder & Co. over some other business, and during the interview I told Mr. Reginald Smith the plan that I had formed. Without a moment's hesitation he placed the whole machinery of his world-wide business

at my disposal, without payment of any kind. From that moment he became my partner in the enterprise, and I found his counsel at every stage of as great help to me as the publishing services which he so generously rendered. Not only did he save heavy costs to the fund, but he arranged easily and successfully those complex foreign transactions which the scheme entailed.

That morning I called at the War Office and was referred by them to the Intelligence Department, where every information which they possessed was freely put at my disposal. I then wrote to the "Times" explaining what it was that I was trying to do, and asking those who sympathized with my object to lend me their aid. Never was an appeal more generously or rapidly answered. My morning post upon the day after brought me a hundred and twenty-seven letters, nearly all of which contained sums drawn from every class of the community, and varying from the fifty pounds of an ex-premier to the half-crown of the widow of a private soldier. Most of the remittances were accompanied by letters which showed that, however, they might pretend in public to disregard it, the attitude of the foreign critics had really left a deep and bitter feeling in the hearts of our people.

It was on January 9 that I was able to begin my task. Upon the 17th I had finished it. When the amount of matter is considered, and the number of researches and verifications which it entailed, I need not say that I had been absorbed by the work, and devoted, I dare say, sixteen hours a day to its accomplishment. So far as possible I kept my individual opinions in the background, and made a more effective case by marshalling the statements of eye-witnesses, many of them Boers, on the various questions of farm-burnings, outrages, concentration camps, and other contentious subjects. I made the

comments as simple and as short as I could, while as to the accuracy of my facts, I may say that, save as to the exact number of farmhouses burned, I have never heard of one which has been seriously questioned. It was a glad day for me when I was able to lay down my pen with the feeling that my statement was as full and as effective as it was in me to make it.

Meanwhile the subscriptions had still come steadily in, until nearly a thousand pounds had been banked by the time that the booklet was finished. The greater number of contributions were in small sums from people who could ill afford it. Among all the great ground landlords of London, drawing their huge unearned increments, I cannot trace one who supported an attempt to state his country's case, while my desk was filled with the postal orders of humble citizens. One notable feature was the number of governesses and others residing abroad whose lives had been embittered by their inability to answer the slanders which were daily uttered in their presence. Many of these sent their small donations. A second pleasing feature was the number of foreigners resident in England who supported my scheme, in the hope that it would aid their own people to form a juster view. From Norwegians alone I received nearly fifty pounds with this object. If Britain's own children too often betrayed her at a crisis of her fate, she found at least warm friends among the strangers within her gates. Another point worth noting was that a disproportionate sum was from clergymen, which was explained by several of them as due to the fact that since the war began they had been pestered by anti-national literature, and took this means of protesting against it.

The proofs having been printed, I sent them to my chance acquaintance, as I had promised, and presently received an invitation to see him. He

expressed his approval of the work, and handed me a banknote for £500, at the same time explaining that the money did not come from him. I asked if I might acknowledge it as from an anonymous donor—"The donor would not object," said my friend. So I was able to head my list with "A Loyal Briton," who contributed £500, but even now I have been unable to obtain permission to publish the name of this generous donor.

By this time the banking account had risen to some two thousand pounds, and we were in a position to put our foreign translations in hand. The British edition had in the meantime been published, the distribution being placed in the hands of Messrs. Newnes, who gave the enterprise whole-hearted aid. The book was retailed at sixpence, but as it was our desire that the sale should be pushed it was sold to the trade at about threepence. The result was to leave the main profit of the enterprise in the hands of the retailer. The sale of the pamphlet was very large—in fact, I should imagine that it approached a record in the time. Some 250,000 copies were sold in Great Britain very quickly, and about 300,000 within a couple of months. This great sale enabled us to add considerably to the fund by the accumulation of the small rebate which had been reserved upon each copy. Our financial position was very strong, therefore, in dealing with the foreign translations.

The French edition was prepared by Professor Sumichrast of Harvard University, who is a French-Canadian by birth. This gentleman patriotically refused to take any payment for his work, which was admirably done. It was published without difficulty by Galignani, and several thousands were given away where they would do most good, in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, while 20,000 copies of this edition were printed.

The German edition was a more difficult matter. No German publisher would undertake it, and the only courtesy which we met with in that country was from Baron von Tauchnitz, who included the volume in his well-known English library. Our advances were met with coldness, and occasionally with insult. Here for example is a copy of an extreme specimen of the kind of letter received.

January, 1902.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Gent.—Doyle's book makes the impression as if it was ordered or influenced by the English Jingo party.

Now, you know, this English war party (as well as the English officers and soldiers in Transvaal) are contemptible by the whole civilized world as coward scoundrels and vile brutes who murder women and children.

It would be for me, as an importer of English literature to Germany, Austria and Russia, in the highest degree imprudent to do anything that could awake the suspicion I was in connection with so despised a party.

I have shown your letter to several persons. Nobody was inclined to take up the matter.

There is a mixture of venom and smugness about this epistle which gives it a high place in our collection. In spite of rebuffs, however, we found an Anglo-German publishing house in Berlin to undertake the work, and with the assistance of Herr Curt von Musgrave, who gave us an excellent translation, we were able to work off more than one very large edition, which had a perceptible effect in modifying the tone of that portion of the German press which was open to reason. Altogether 20,000 copies were distributed in the Fatherland and German-speaking Austria.

I remember one whimsical incident at this time. Somewhat tired, after the book was in the press, I went down to Seaford for a rest. While there, a mes-

sage reached me that a Pan-German officer of Landwehr had come over to London, and desired to see me. I wired that I could not come up, but that I should be happy to see him if he came down. Down he came accordingly, a fine upstanding, soldierly man, speaking excellent English. The German proofs had passed through his hands, and he was much distressed by the way in which I had spoken of the hostility which his countrymen had shown us, and its effect upon our feelings towards them. We sat all day and argued the question out. His great point, as a Pan-German, was that some day both Germany and Britain would have to fight Russia—Britain for India, and Germany perhaps for the Baltic Provinces. Therefore they should keep in close touch with each other. I assured him that at the time the feeling in this country was much more bitter against Germany than against Russia. He doubted it. I suggested as a test that he should try the question upon any bus driver in London as a fair index of popular opinion. He was very anxious that I should modify certain paragraphs, and I was equally determined not to do so, as I was convinced they were true. Finally, when he left me on his return to London he said, "Well, I have come 800 miles to see you, and I ask you now as a final request that in the translation you will allow the one word *"Leider"* (*"Alas"*) to be put at the opening of that paragraph." I was perfectly ready to agree to this. So he got one word in exchange for 1600 miles of travel, and I think it was a very sporting venture.

One charming incident connected with this German translation was that a small group of Swiss (and in no country had we such warm-hearted friends as among the minority in Switzerland) were so keen upon the cause that they had a translation and an edition of their own, with large print and maps. It

was published independently at Zurich, Dr. Angst, the British Consul in that town, helping to organize it. The fair-minded and public-spirited gentlemen who put the matter through were Reinhold Ruegg, Colonel Affolter of the Artillery, Professor Haab, State-Secretary Keller, Dr. Rohrer, Professor Schinz, and Robert Schwarzenbach-Zeuner. Amongst other good friends who worked hard for the truth, and exposed themselves to much obloquy in doing so, were Professor Naville, the eminent Egyptologist of Geneva, and Monsieur Talichet, the well-known editor of the *"Bibliothèque Universelle"* of Lausanne, who sacrificed the circulation of his old-established magazine in upholding our cause.

So much for the French and German editions. The American and Canadian had arranged themselves. There remained the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Hungarian, and Russian, all of which were rapidly prepared and circulated without a hitch, save that in the case of the Russian, which was published at Odessa, the Censor suppressed it at the last instant. We were successful, however, in getting his veto removed. In each of these countries several thousands of the booklet were given away. In every case we found a larger sale for these foreign editions than we expected, arising no doubt from the eagerness of English residents abroad to make their neighbors understand our position.

The Dutch edition was a stumbling-block. This gallant little nation felt a most natural sympathy for their kinsfolk in arms against us, and honestly believed that they had been very badly used. We should certainly have felt the same. The result was that we were entirely unable to find either publisher or distributor. The greater the opposition the more obvious was the need for the book, so Mr. Reginald Smith arranged that a large edition should be

printed here, and sent direct to all leaders of Dutch opinion. I believe that out of some 5000 copies not more than twenty were sent back to us.

The Norwegian edition also presented some difficulties, which were overcome by the assistance of Mr. Thomassen of the "*Verdensgang*." This gentleman's paper was entirely opposed to us, but in the interests of fair play he helped me to get my book before the public. I hope that some relaxation in his attitude towards us in his paper may have been due to a fuller comprehension of our case, and a realization of the fact that a nation does not make great sacrifices extending over years for an ignoble cause. One other incident in connection with the Norwegian edition is pleasant for me to recall. I had prefaced each Continental version with a special fore-word, designed to arrest the attention of the particular people whom I was addressing. In this case, when the book was going to press in Christiania, the preface had not arrived from the translator (the accomplished Madame Brockmann), and as she lived a hundred miles off, with all the passes blocked by a phenomenal snow-storm, it looked as if it must be omitted. Finally, however, my short address to the Scandinavian people was heliographed across from snow-peak to snow-peak, and so found its way to the book.

There was one other language into which the book needed to be translated, and that was the Welsh, for the vernacular press of the Principality was almost entirely pro-Boer, and the Welsh people had the most distorted information as to the cause for which their fellow countrymen fought so bravely in the field. The translation was done by Mr. W. Evans, and some 10,000 copies were printed for distribution through the agency of the Cardiff "*Western Mail*." This finished our labors. Our total output was 300,000 of the British edition, about 50,000 in

Canada and the United States, 20,000 in Germany, 20,000 in France, 5000 in Holland, 10,000 in Wales, 8000 in Hungary, 5000 in Norway and Sweden, 3500 in Portugal, 10,000 in Spain, 5000 in Italy, and 5000 in Russia. There were editions in Tamil and Kanarese, the numbers of which I do not know. In all, I have seen twenty different presentations of my little book. The total sum at our disposal amounted to about £5000, of which, speaking roughly, half came from subscriptions and the other half was earned by the book itself.

It was not long before we had the most gratifying evidence of the success of these efforts. There was a rapid and marked change in the tone of the whole Continental press, which may have been a coincidence, but was certainly a pleasing one. In the case of many important organs of public opinion there could, however, be no question of coincidence, as the arguments advanced in the booklet and the facts quoted were cited in their leading articles as having modified their former anti-British views. This was the case with the "*Tag Blatt*" of Vienna, whose London representative, Dr. Maurice Ernst, helped me in every way to approach the Austrian public. So it was also with the "*National Zeitung*" in Berlin, the "*Indépendance Belge*" in Brussels, and many others. In the greater number of cases, however, it was unreasonable to suppose that a journal would publicly eat its own words, and the best result for which we could hope was that which we often attained, an altered and less acrimonious tone.

Mr. Reginald Smith and I now found ourselves in the very pleasant position of having accomplished our work so far as we could do it, and yet of having in hand a considerable sum of money. What were we to do with it? To return it to subscribers was impossible, and indeed at least half of it would

have to be returned to ourselves since it had been earned by the sale of the book. I felt that the subscribers had given me a free hand with the money, to use it to the best of my judgment for national aims, and I must apologize to them if I have not before now been able to give them some public account of what use it was put to. The fact is that it is only within the last few months that Mr. Smith has been able to get in the final accounts and bring the transaction to a close. It is my desire to give every information, which must be my justification in writing this rather personal article.

Our first expense was in immediate connection with the object in view, for we endeavored to supplement the effect of the booklet by circulating a large number of an excellent Austrian work, "*Recht und Unrecht im Burenkrieg*," by Dr. Ferdinand Hirz. Six hundred of these were distributed where they might do most good.

Our next move was to purchase half a dozen very handsome gold cigarette cases. On the back of each was engraved, "From Friends in England to a Friend of England." These were distributed to a few of those who had stood most staunchly by us. One went to the eminent French publicist, Monsieur Yves Guyot, a second to Monsieur Talichet of Lausanne, a third to Mr. Sumichrast, and a fourth to Professor Naville. By a happy coincidence the later gentleman happened to be in this country at the time, and I had the pleasure of slipping the small souvenir into his hand as he put on his overcoat in the hall of the Athenæum Club. I have seldom seen any one look more surprised.

There remained a considerable sum, and Mr. Reginald Smith shared my opinion that we should find some permanent use for it, and that this use should bring benefit to natives of South Africa. We therefore forwarded £1000

to Edinburgh University, to be so invested as to give a return of £40 a year, which should be devoted to the South African student who acquitted himself with most distinction. There are many Afrikaner students at Edinburgh, and we imagined that we had hit upon a pleasing common interest for Boer and for Briton; but I confess that I was rather amazed when at the end of the first year I received a letter from a student expressing his confidence that he would win the bursary, and adding that there could be no question as to his eligibility, as he was a full-blooded Zulu.

The fund, however, was by no means exhausted, and we were able to make contributions to the Civilian Rifleman's movement, to the Union Jack Club, to the Indian famine, to the Japanese nursing, to the Irish old soldiers' Institute, to the fund for distressed Boers, and to many other deserving objects. These donations varied from fifty guineas to ten. Finally we were left with a residuum which amounted to £309 0s. 4d. Mr. Reginald Smith and I sat in solemn conclave over this sum, and discussed how it might best be used for the needs of the Empire. The fourpence presented no difficulty, for we worked it off upon the crossing sweeper outside who had helped to relieve Delhi. Nine pounds went in tobacco for the Chelsea veterans at Christmas. There remained the good round sum of £300. We bethought us of the saying that the safety of the Empire might depend upon a single shot from a twelve-inch gun, and we devoted the whole amount to a magnificent cup, to be shot for by the various ships of the Channel Squadron, the winner to hold it for a single year. The stand of the cup was from the oak timbers of the "Victory," and the trophy itself was a splendid one in solid silver gilt. By the kind and judicious co-operation of Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the Inspector of Target Practice, through

whose hands the trophy passed to the Senior Admiral afloat, Sir Arthur Wilson, V. C., in command of the Channel Squadron, all difficulties were overcome, and the cup has been shot for this year, and has produced, I am told, great emulation among the various crews.

Our one condition was that it should not be retained in the mess-room, but should be put out on the deck where the winning bluejackets could continually see it. I learn that the "Exmouth" came into Plymouth Harbor

The Cornhill Magazine.

with the cup on the top of her fore turret.

Such is the history of the inception, the execution, and the results of a curious little incursion into diplomacy. Let my last word be of thanks, first to my partner in the enterprise, Mr. Reginald Smith, and secondly to all the contributors to the fund who encouraged me by their support. Their name is legion, and I have been unable to communicate with them individually as to the results of their enterprise. Perhaps they will kindly take this short statement as a sufficient explanation.

THE CHARITY OF WIDOW OGDEN.

Widow Ogden's stall was the neatest in the market-place. The linen cover was washed and bleached every week; and always—winter and summer—a posy of flowers, artistically arranged in a bowl of ancient lustre-ware, glowed amidst the piles of quaint silk handkerchiefs that she wove by herself on the loom which had been in her family for seven generations. How she contrived to make her fuchsias and geraniums bloom at Christmas none knew; for her only greenhouse was the long latticed window of her work-room. Two centuries ago her faculty for horticulture would have gained her the repute of a witch!

She was a meagre old woman, with a brown, wrinkled face. The daintiness of her French ancestors (she was a L'Estrange by birth), had endowed her with a curious precision in dress; and she was never seen—even in the most inclement weather—without a pure white muslin fichu on her shoulders, and a large cap with goffered frills.

Her married life with Jake Ogden, who had inherited the rough stretch of moorland known as "East Hillocks," had been uneventful enough. She had

worked quietly at her loom, day after day, whilst he, who had no knowledge of farming, had striven to win crops from the marshy ground, with so little success that after his death she found herself, save for the possession of the farm, no better off than before her marriage. She had borne one child, a boy who in his early youth had taken to a seafaring life, and had been drowned in the Channel on the first anniversary of his father's death. His neckerchief, one of her own weaving, had been sent home to her; it lay folded over the register page of her big Bible. One result of this loss was that she always inveighed against children leaving home; but notwithstanding, her thoughts of the lad always brought a high color to her cheeks and a proud ring to her voice; for he had died in attempting to save his captain's life. Over the press near the hearth a toy ship was preserved in a huge bottle of water: he had brought it for a souvenir of his first voyage.

Early in her widowhood she had ceased selling her wares to the hucksters and had hired the corner of the market-place, just beside the railings of

Nelson's Column. She had never missed a Saturday for the last twenty years; and her work had prospered so that she was looked upon as one of the wealthiest tradesfolk of the little town. In the intervals of business she sat quietly embroidering in silver and pale-hued threads the finer specimens of her weaving. The designs were those of the Huguenots—*fleurs-de-lys*, rose-sprays, and long winding strands of eglantine. It was a common enough occurrence for the neighboring gentry to stop their carriages before her stall and purchase her handkerchiefs; as much for the excellence of the fabric as for the pleasure of listening to her odd, old-fashioned talk. The Squire of Fellbridge was often known to stand conversing with her for as much as half-an-hour at a time. In his case it seemed as if they discussed business; for they were wont to speak of property and investments. It was evident moreover, that the Squire held her in much respect; for he always shook hands with her at coming and going, and treated her with as much deference as if she had belonged to his own circle.

Despite her worldly success, her housekeeping was of the most frugal order; yet the neighbors declared that such was her skill that she could live royally on sixpence a day. She had inherited a great number of recipes, by use of which the utmost nourishment might be drawn from the most inexpensive materials. It was a happy day for a poor ailing acquaintance when she brought her great quart jug of soup, flavored with the sweetest herbs taken from her fruitful garden. And sometimes, when the case was urgent, she produced small vials of syrups; which in the vulgar belief were more efficacious than the costliest wines. For such old folk as were in such poverty as to be unable to afford the necessary last robes, she made simple shrouds of

fine linen, and night-caps with many flutings. It was only natural that her goodness should endear her to the simple inhabitants of that decayed maritime town. She was great in counsel, and her advice sprang from a clear head and a sound heart. There was nothing of the disciplinarian about her: youths and maidens told her of their hopes and their prospects; and it was well known that all who confided in the Widow Ogden might rest content that their confidences were never displayed for another's curiosity.

She was wont to regret sometimes that her own greatest happiness (the happiness of being useful to her fellows, though she did not describe it thus) had only been given to her by the hand of Death. Her married life had been one of narrow interests; she had not flowered until her child had been taken away from her. What she might have done to help others in that long-past time often caused her poignant grief.

She was in her seventieth year when she decided upon the manner in which she might do most for the people after she had passed away. There was an ancient almshouse near the quay—a charity continued for many generations by the Earls of Yaristone; but long ago, when the last member of that race had died, the endowment had been lost, and the place sold to a shopkeeper, who had let the cottages to laboring folk. And now it was in the market again, and when the Widow Ogden read the announcement in front of the Town Hall, she determined to visit it and see if it were still worthy of being restored to its former use.

So one afternoon she left her loom and went down to the town, and along the river-side to the green meadow where the red-brick and flint building stood, surrounded by a garden in which all manner of quaint flowers struggled up through the over-luxuriant grass.

She obtained the key at the ferryman's house, and spent several hours roaming through the antique chambers, and laying plans by which each habitation might be made as comfortable as possible. There were six cottages in all, and a gate-house and chapel, enclosing a little mossy court, in whose centre lay a stone dolphin that spirted a thin jet of water into a mouldering sandstone tank. The highly-chevronned roof was covered with lead, which, spread by the heat of three hundred summers, hung over the eaves like a burden of slipping snow. The mullioned windows, which were still perfect, bore unbroken the quarterings of the Yarlstone arms with those of other noble East Anglian families. The living-rooms were panelled with oak; each with a carved screen near the door; and the chimney-pieces of elaborately-wrought alabaster displayed on their keystones the legend:—God Save Ye Bedefolke.

The chapel pleased her most; although it had been neglected for so long that when, after much striving her hands turned the key, and she stepped inward, her feet sank ankle-deep in the litter of swallows' and jackdaws' nests. It was only a small chamber, with a plain wooden altar and a few square pews, whose green baize cushions had long since rotted into dust; but the east window was full of marvellous stained glass, and the declining sun sent inward such a rich glory of color that her eyes were blinded after gazing for a moment on the face of the Infant Christ as He smiled from His mother's knee.

The Widow left the Almshouse at twilight, and on her way home called at the Squire's and asked for an interview. He was about to dine, and he begged her to join him, so that they might talk at ease; but it was only after much difficulty that he prevailed; the Widow proposing to come at some more convenient time. The Squire

forgot the lowliness of her position as he looked at her over the white cloth: she seemed to him like some old saint taken from a chronicle—save that saint could never have displayed such wonderful vivacity. It was only when the dessert was served that he would permit her to speak of serious business.

"Now," he said, "let us discuss this important matter. If it is anything that I can help with, I shall be glad."

The Widow smiled. "You can help," she replied, "not with money, but you can manage the affair for me, so that none will know that it is of my doing. You see, Squire, I'm getting an old woman now, and the loom is too heavy for me, and the time has come for me to sit in some quiet corner, with my hands folded in my lap."

"Ay," said the Squire, "it is right that you should rest; but as for being old—why there aren't many women of sixty as hale as you!"

She nodded. "That is true, Squire, and I mean to live as long as I can. But I'm going to cease working. It's foolish of me to beat about the bush, so I'll speak straight out—I've made up my mind to buy the old Yarlstone Almshouse, if I can get it."

The Squire raised his eyebrows. "I heard that the reserve price is fifteen hundred," he said. "It will never sell for so much; besides,—can you—"

"I have the money," she interrupted. "The farm has let for a hundred a year since my husband's death, and not a penny of that money has been touched. And I've saved fifty pounds every year out of my own earnings. In all I've four thousand pounds in Fellbridge bank, and the land's still mine. So you see, Squire, God has prospered me and I'm a wealthy woman!"

"I don't know how you've contrived it," said the Squire, "for there isn't a soul in Fellbridge who doesn't regard you as the most generous person in the county."

Widow Ogden's cheeks colored faintly. "It is God's doing," she said; "the money is His!"

"But what on earth do you want the old almshouse for?" he enquired, after a long pause; "you could never make it into a comfortable whole!"

"Why, Squire, you're not as witty as I thought!" she said, with a merry laugh. "I could chide you for not understanding. What I mean to do when I have bought the place, is to live in one of those cottages for the rest of my days."

"It won't do," began the Squire, indignantly, "it is your duty to have every possible comfort in your old age!"

"And I shall have everything that I need," she replied, "and so will the others who live there with me; for I'm going to endow the almshouse for five old women like myself, and draw my ten shillings a week just as they will."

The Squire coughed hoarsely and turned his head aside. "Confound it!" he said, "you're as mad as a March hare!"

"What I wish you to do is to arrange everything for me," she continued, "so that nobody may know till I'm dead and gone. The folk I shall choose—I have them in my mind now—are the widows or mothers of mariners who have died at sea. You know, Squire, that I suffered when my lad died, and God put it into my head that I might lighten the sufferings of other women, who had the burden of poverty, which I had not. And now, as the place is to be sold, and as I'm getting too feeble for work, it's time that the affair was settled. I have neither kith nor kin to murmur . . . You'll do it for me, Squire?"

He took her wasted hand and pressed it warmly.

"I'll do whatever you wish," he said, in a broken voice; "you may trust me."

So in the course of time the Squire purchased the almshouse for an un-

known person, and the roof was restored, and everything put into perfect order. Each house was furnished with all the things that housewives love. The Squire's own gardener worked for weeks in the court and garden; and by autumn the place was ready for the bed-folk.

The Widow gave up her stall and her loom to a crippled girl whom she had befriended and taught to weave skillfully during the last few months. She herself was the first to enter the rest-house. Her conduct excited great wonder in Fellbridge: it was surmised that she had lost all her possessions; and each of her friends strove to outdo the others in acts of kindness. Some wept for compassion; but the Widow's bland face and sparkling eyes reassured them, and ere long they rejoiced in her contentment.

On the second day of her sojourn there, the Squire drove down and found her sitting in the porch, nursing her cat. The other women were to come during the afternoon; and with her own hands she had lighted the fires and set the copper kettles on the hobs, so that all might be home-like.

He approached, hat in hand; she rose and curtsied to his bow. "I wanted to be your first visitor," he said. "Now that I've seen you here, I've no doubts about the wisdom you've shown. You look happier than ever, Widow Ogden. You'll permit me to visit your family sometimes?" "As often as you please, Squire," she replied mirthfully, "but you must promise not to patronize us poor sisters! We all mean to be independent, with never a care to darken our downhill walk!"

"I've been arranging about the chapelain," he remarked, after a while, "he will come every Sunday afternoon. The Bishop himself will preach sometimes. Of course he does not know the story; I wish that you had not determined to keep it secret: I feel as if

you were deprived of your right." "I care nought for that," said the Widow. "In sober earnest I want no praise just for my selfishness. I am giving myself a great joy."

She led the way indoors. Her home was furnished more plainly than the others; but all her old mementoes were there. The Squire sat opposite the bottle that contained the ship.

"You can tell folk when I'm laid with my husband," she said, "but even then let them make no fuss about it; or put any fresh stone or writing on the grave. I'd rather they didn't know even then; but so many are perplexed about what I've done with my money. I wouldn't for the world that any one got at the truth in my lifetime; my companions would feel no ease if they knew 'twas I who paid for them."

"Well, Widow, you are always right," replied the Squire. "I'll not urge you again. And now, since I see your
Temple Bar.

friends coming through the gateway, I'll leave you to receive them."

But he lingered a while; for it was beautiful to watch the Widow as she led the other women one by one to their homes, and kissed them and spoke of the good fellowship that all would share.

"Everything is yours whilst you live," she said, "and Heaven grant that you may live long to enjoy it!"

And she wept as she heard them cry out with delight as they saw the comfort of their abiding-places; and her smiles shone through her tears when they handled the furniture so proudly.

So the Widow Ogden took upon herself a heavy share of the world's burden, and gloried in it, and bore it bravely until, dying, she left a name sweetened for the ages.

R. Murray Gilchrist.

CHARACTER IN LETTER-WRITING.

The late Lady Burton, widow of the famous Sir Richard Burton, once remarked to me that she thought it "the height of discourtesy to leave letters unanswered, even letters from strangers." For this reason, though generally extremely busy, she made it a rule to set aside one whole day a week, which she spent in answering letters, many from persons she had never even heard of, and in glancing through books of many sorts and kinds sent to her by authors anxious to have her opinion. And she used to say that she considered letters received from total strangers to be among the most interesting she got.

In the pursuit of an avocation that necessitates my writing to persons of many sorts and conditions, and in many different ranks in life, and that, I am afraid, occasionally necessitates my

worrying strangers, I have for some years past been afforded opportunities of judging character, not by handwriting, for the great majority of busy men and women nowadays employ secretaries, but by the way in which letters are expressed. A great number of persons to whom I wrote in the first instance as a total stranger I have since come to know personally, and intimately, and in few cases indeed have I found that the opinion I had formed of these individuals, judging solely by the way they expressed themselves in their letters, had been a false opinion.

The letters I have received from persons to whom my name is, or was, quite unknown—and the total number of these letters runs into hundreds—may, broadly speaking, be divided into three sets; namely, the courteous, the discourteous, and the strictly formal.

And here let me say at once that I have found that, contrary to the popular belief, true courtesy has nothing whatever to do with good breeding. I have had letters from men and women who can trace their pedigrees back almost "so far that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," that were courteous in the extreme in tone and style; but I have also many letters from persons of equally good breeding that only a man who at heart was a snob, or a sycophant, or a prig, could have written. Upon the other hand I find among the pile of letters before me as I write, communications from both men and women of very humble origin, but who have now risen to eminence, that for consideration, kindly feeling, and very great courtesy, could hardly be excelled. Indeed, upon comparing the one set with the other I find, to my astonishment, that the balance of courtesy rests with the latter. The letters that the least afford indications to their writers' characteristics, temperament, or peculiarities, are, of course, those communications that are of a strictly formal nature.

Though unable to speak from personal knowledge, I have it on the best of authority that the members of our Royal Family, and their immediate representatives, invariably adopt an extremely gracious tone when replying to letters of inquiry on matters of general interest, which is what one might have expected. The many members of Parliament to whom I have, from first to last, had occasion to write, have almost all answered by return of post and in a very friendly way. Not so a great many Army officers, and I do not recollect ever receiving from any one of the gentlemen until recently connected with our War Office, a letter, in reply to an inquiry, that was not more or less brusque. Indeed it was from a gentleman indirectly connected with the War Office when the late Government was

in power that I received the following message written across a letter that I had sent to him: "Sir, I have looked in 'Debrett' but cannot find your name there," an unkind cut, seeing that I had not hinted at being so honored. Naval officers, on the contrary, generally write in a very courteous tone—short, concise letters, that go straight to the point. When disinclined or unable to supply the information asked for they say so straightforwardly and have done with it. Naturally it must be borne in mind that I am speaking now of bodies of men collectively. There are exceptions in every instance.

The following letters form an example of the striking contrast there is in the way men answer inquiries put to them civilly. I had been commissioned to write an article on a question of some importance at the time I applied to them, and to obtain as much expert opinion upon the subject as possible. The letters I addressed to the various men I deemed in a position to furnish the information I needed were to all intents and purposes identical. It is not difficult to read between the lines the temperament of the man who wrote the following reply:

I shall have great pleasure in doing what you ask. This week, unfortunately, I am more than ordinarily busy; but you shall hear from me early in next week.

Nor the manner of the man who wrote the following in reply to the same inquiry:

I am not aware that I have the privilege of your acquaintance, and I decline absolutely to grant your impertinent request.

It was in reply to a similar letter of inquiry that the following answer reached me:

The enclosed slip contains the expression of my views upon the matter re-

ferred to in your letter, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the compliment you pay me in desiring my opinion.

And the following:

In answer to your letter, — desires me to say that he is not in the habit of conferring favors upon strange gentlemen.

A lady I employed as secretary was directly responsible for the following two gems, which speak for themselves. Through an oversight she had addressed the letter intended for, let us call him Mr. Brown—though his name was not Brown—to Mr. Brown. By return of post Mr. Brown wrote:

I really am much too busy to answer letters from strangers, more especially from men who know so little about me as to write my name with an "e."

The other was yet more whimsical:

Sir John Smith presents his compliments, and wishes me to say that he is not in the habit of corresponding with lunatics.

Enclosed was the envelope that had contained my letter. It ought to have been addressed to Sir John Smith, Bart. Instead, the address, which was type-written, appeared, Sir John Smith, Rats. When I drew my secretary's attention to this trifling error in spelling she became almost hysterical. She declared that she had been very tired, and that when you become tired your type-writing machine is apt to take strange liberties—a statement that all who use a type-writing machine will know to be true. Consequently it was not until some weeks later, when a descriptive report of the movements of a great fog in the Channel, that I had dictated to her, appeared in the typescript with the weird heading, "Great egg in the Channel," that I deemed it expedient to seek another assistant.

I could quote many more letters that

serve to indicate the peculiarities of their writers' natures, but the foregoing will suffice for the moment. It is a curious yet indisputable fact, however, that quite a considerable section of the educated community is firmly imbued with the belief that a brusque, arrogant manner denotes strength of character. What can first have given rise to this erroneous supposition it is difficult to conceive. My own experience and observation lead me to conclude just the reverse. Almost all our successful organizers, pioneers in commerce, politicians, statesmen, literary men, lawyers, doctors, financiers, actors, artists of all kinds, are courteous in the extreme, and their courtesy is in most instances revealed in the tone of the letters they have occasion to write to persons with whom they are not acquainted. The successful men who lack courtesy have succeeded in spite of their unfortunate personality, not because of it. It was no less successful a man than Sir Alfred Jones who said to me only recently, "In these times no man has a right to be, or can afford to be, discourteous"; and as an after-thought he added, "even to his office boy."

The idea, prevalent in certain circles, that the newly-rich constitute, as a body, the least considerate if not the most snobbish and purse-proud class, is not borne out by facts. The remark made lately by a well-known diplomatist that "no snob is really so snobbish as a well-bred snob," is probably one of the truest of utterances. Judging by the tone of his letters, the modern man of humble origin, who has amassed wealth through his individual industry, is businesslike and methodical, but he is seldom overbearing. His shortcomings are a tendency to be patronizing, and generally a lack of humor, the latter characteristic possibly denoting that Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was right when he recently pronounced a

sense of humor to be "a hindrance to practical success in life," though one could wish this were not so. The great proportion of men who send post-cards "in haste" to say they are "much too busy to answer" belong almost always to the class that devotes several days a week to golf or some equally engrossing occupation. Men who really are busy find time to answer letters, and they answer usually by return. Mr. Gladstone used to answer every letter he received—begging letters from obvious impostors alone excepted—and he never dictated his replies; also, I believe I am right in saying, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seldom leaves a letter unanswered.

Among my collection I find a few letters that can best be summed up in the one word "gushing." Experience teaches me that the habitual writer of the "gushing," frothy effusion, is seldom a man to be trusted. As a rule he ends by revealing himself to be a humbug, if not a hypocrite, and eight times out of ten he finishes by wanting something, it may be a loan, it may be only a note of introduction. I print one specimen only of the "gushing" letter, word for word as I received it.

My very dear Sir,—I was most charmed to receive your most courteous communication, which let me hasten to answer. I can assure you it will afford me the very greatest of satisfaction to show you . . . and to furnish you with every particular. But won't you come and lunch with me, and let me introduce you to my wife? I know she will be as delighted to make your acquaintance as I shall be; in fact, we are both quite looking forward to your visit. . . .

And so on. Yet there was no reason, there could not have been any reason, why this man, or his wife either, should honestly have looked forward to meeting me, a complete stranger. They had no interest in my concerns, and I had none in theirs. But before I quitted

their "hospitable" roof they made use of every means of persuasion in their power to get me to write a newspaper article in praise of some property in which they were interested.

I feel it is almost unnecessary to mention that a considerable proportion of the people to whom one is compelled to apply for information at one time or other, do not reply. Such persons belong to one of three groups. The first group is made up of men and women who, being, to put it plainly, too lazy to write any letter they can avoid writing, are in the habit of remarking sententiously that they "don't answer more letters than they can help—on principle." The second group consists of well-meaning people either devoid of method, or addicted to procrastination, who will tell you semi-apologetically, when you meet them, that they "ought to have answered that letter of yours," but that they are "such shocking correspondents." The third group embraces the self-complacent little crowd who observe, when the subject of not answering letters is broached, that they find that "heaps of letters answer themselves," and they generally roll off this platitude as if it were an original phrase, whereas it dates back to the time of Disraeli. Some men become extremely annoyed when their letters are not answered, in the same way that others lash themselves into anger when they receive rude letters; but, to adapt to the present case the sentence of a famous statesman, "when there is so much in life that is really vexatious it would seem mere waste of animal economy to let such pin-pricks disturb one's equanimity."

I have been struck at discovering how deceptive handwriting often is as a true guide to the writer's habits. Letters well expressed, neatly written, and carefully punctuated, that ought, according to the canons of graphology, to emanate only from men of tidy and regular

habits, come, as often as not, from individuals whose mode of living is quite the reverse, and whose "workshops" present the appearance of a waste-paper basket recently in eruption. Consequently I have found that a letter typewritten or dictated forms just as sure a key to the correspondent's temperament as one written by hand. Here, for instance, is a letter written at the instruction of a Royal Princess to a very famous vocalist that surely reveals the Royal lady's kindly nature, and her deep consideration for others, as accurately as if the written words were before us:

My dear Madame —,

As you are always so kind, I come to ask you if it would be possible for you to hear a young girl sing, in whom the Queen takes much interest. She is the daughter of Mr. —, one of the Queen's head servants, who has been fifty years in the Royal service, and she has been taught at the Musical Academy at South Kensington. The other day she sang there, and the Queen was so much struck by her fine contralto voice that she wished some one of musical influence could hear her. So we thought perhaps we might turn to you dear Madame —, if it is not giving you too much trouble, and recommend this young girl to your kind interest. She is twenty-two, and, I believe, wishes to make singing her profession. Her elder sister is also very musical, and obtained the Duke of Edinburgh's prize for pianoforte playing at the same academy.

It was such a delight hearing you the other night in *Lohengrin*, and my husband was so pleased to hear you for the first time on the stage.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you again this autumn,

Believe me, dear Madame —,

Yours, very sincerely,

And here is a letter in the same tone from another Royal lady that was received by the same artist:

My dear Madame —,

You are always doing kind things for other people, will you do one more for me? The *Conversazione* of the . . . Nurses' Association, of which I am President, takes place on December 18, at the . . . Hundreds of nurses come from all parts of the Kingdom, and we always endeavor to provide some special pleasure for them. Would you—if you are free—give them the supreme pleasure of hearing you sing? Of course I shall be there myself, and if you can grant my petition I shall feel it only another proof of your friendship for me and mine.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

Even more gracious was the letter she received upon another occasion from a reigning Sovereign abroad:

Acceptez tous mes remerciements, très chère Madame . . . , pour la généreuse contribution que vous venez d'offrir à l'hôpital qui porte mon nom. Cet acte de charité est digne de la grande artiste que nous voyons partir avec regret après l'avoir admirée comme l'interprète international de l'harmonie.

What a contrast in tone from that adopted by some of the persons who move in ordinary society, when they have occasion to communicate with distinguished artists. Here is a letter that was sent by a wealthy woman of title, last season, to an artist of world-wide renown:

Madame,—I shall expect you to be here at *ten o'clock punctually*, so don't fail me. Tell your accompanist to bring *all* the songs I wrote down in my list. We shall want you to give us five songs at least. When you get here you will be shown into the artists' dressing-room, where please wait until you are fetched.—Yours faithfully,—

I need hardly add that the famous vocalist was, at the eleventh hour, "unavoidably detained." In point of fact she did not wish to be "fetched." There are probably few well-known

artists, actors and actresses who have not in the course of their careers received communications of this latter sort. Fortunately the courteous and

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gratifying letters as a rule considerably outnumber those which are calculated to leave a disagreeable flavor.

Basil Tozer.

SICK-ROOM FICTION.

Facts are stubborn things, we are told, and the facts which obtrude themselves upon the helpless sufferer bound fast to a sick bed are of a particularly obstinate and unconquerable nature. Leaving out of the count such weighty matters as procrastination of business and the worries attendant thereon, the yoking of a weakened body to a mind abnormally active, there are certain minor facts which claim the attention of the patient with irritating persistence. That crack on the ceiling which would have so exactly portrayed the map of England if Devon and Cornwall had not been cut off by the cornice—how annoying to be unable to remove the obstacle, yet how difficult to construct the peninsula with such an impediment in the way! The wall-paper, at ordinary times bearing an innocent design of roses and foliage, now wreathes itself with grinning faces, the more repulsive because, though nose and mouth and eyes are there, the chin is wanting, and the green pigtail which completes the head is unevenly attached! Then the impatient wonder as to whether the greater comfort ensured by restoring the slippery pillow to its accustomed place would be worth the exertion of raising one's head; as to whether it would be expedient to ring the bell that the blind may be lowered, or whether on the whole it might not be more profitable to wait till somebody came in.

Such slight matters as these assume a quite unnatural importance, and the relief of having one's mind diverted and one's thoughts pleasantly occupied by the sayings and doings of imag-

inary persons is proportionately great.

From the very earliest age the aid of fiction is invaluable in the sick-room as promoting repose of mind and consequently hastening recovery. I knew a baby boy once who, while still teething, was helped through many a feverish night by the recital of a certain tale, which in his inarticulate fashion he entitled "Tom-'n-d'-apple-tree." At intervals of broken slumber the little flushed cheek would be raised from the pillow and the little hand outstretched.

"Tom-'n-d'-apple-tree!"

Straightway the tired watcher began again, being speedily pulled up if Towzer barked a moment too soon, or if the delinquent Tom began his perilous slide down from the tree before Farmer Brown appeared at the gate.

Looking back upon one's own past, one's first definite recollections of fiction are invariably associated with physick. In one's nursery days the former served as an antidote to the latter. One sees again the railed cot in the corner by the fire, one feels all the importance of lying abed while little sisters' toilets are progressing; one could almost shudder in recalling the slow tread down the long passage and the opening of the door, revealing the advancing figure of old Nurse armed with cup and spoon.

A breakfast-cup, if you please! No cachets or tabloids were thought of in those days. On came the kindly old executioner, her wrinkled, apple-blossom face wreathed with meretricious smiles, her persuasive Irish tongue multiplying inducements and endearments.

"Now then, alanna, it'll be down in a

moment! Shut your eyes and hold your nose, and it will be gone before you know where you are!"

How could one shut one's eyes when one was so anxious to calculate the extent of one's misery, or hold a nose at that time exiguous in nature and rendered slippery with ineffectual tears?

But the nauseous potion is disposed of at last, and Nurse cuts short the injured protests which succeed it by the welcome announcement:

"Now, mavourneen, I'll make ye some toast for your breakfast, and I'll tell ye a story."

The combination was too delightful to be resisted. Smiles succeeded tears as one selected one's particular "wanity" in the matter of toast, and composed oneself to listen. One discarded, of course, ordinary toast in favor of "French" toast, which, as every one knows, necessitates the buttering of the bread before submitting it to the action of the flames; or steamed toast, which was simply prepared by holding a thick slice close to the spout of a boiling-kettle. When quite saturated and buttered hot it afforded a very good imitation of a tea-cake, and possessed the further advantage of being extremely unwholesome.

The selection of the story took rather more time. Nurse only possessed three in her repertory. "Blue-Beard," which was comparatively commonplace; "The Little Man and the Little Woman who lived in the Vinegar Bottle," which was exciting but short, and, moreover, tantalizing to the juvenile mind as being wanting in verisimilitude; and "The Spider and the Gout," a delicious folk-tale which I have endeavored to relate elsewhere ("North, South, and Over the Sea"). The "Gout" was always spoken of as if it were a living thing, and was supposed by the small listener to be a kind of insect. It would be impossible to describe the

raciness which the narrative received from the quaint phraseology and varying facial expression of the story-teller. The "weeshy-dawshy" Little Man was of so sociable a turn that directly the stopper was removed from the vinegar bottle he popped out his head and invited somebody to dinner. Indignation of the "weeshy-dawshy" Little Woman, who pulled him down by the legs and thrusting forth her head, requested the guests to stay away. Obstinate goodwill on the part of the Little Man, who, pushing her aside in her turn, once more looked out upon the world and cried, "Company, company, come!" Fury of the Little Woman, who, reverting to her former tactics, inhospitably shrieked, "Company, company, go!"

The story was disappointing, nevertheless, in having no definite end, whereas the other two, as we knew by experience, finished in the most satisfactory manner possible. One never doubted for a moment that Sister Anne would see somebody coming, any more than one troubled oneself over the misadventures of the Spider and the Gout in the rich man's and poor man's houses respectively, knowing, as one did, that by changing places all would be set right, and that the Gout would revel in velvet cushions and port wine, while the Spider spun his webs undisturbed in the cabin-window.

At a later period one fell under the spell of Dickens. Imagine the delight of the Christmas Books and the opening chapters of *David Copperfield* to an imaginative child! I have ever found Dickens a welcome visitor in the sick-room, though long familiarity has induced—not contempt, far from it indeed!—but a certain nicety of selection; one picks and chooses which scene shall be enacted for one's delectation before one rings up the curtain. The same applies to other giants of the craft: they are too big, too important

to be permitted to dally long in converse with a sufferer. One is not in a condition to appreciate the subtleties of Meredith, the delicate art of Stevenson, and "the big bow-wow" of which Sir Walter Scott himself speaks is too noisy for the sick-room. Thackeray's occasionally uncomfortable views of human nature strike the prisoner there as painfully true; certain poignant passages in Hardy and George Eliot positively haunt one. Poor Fanny Robins dragging herself in her extremity to Casterbridge Union; the murder-scene in Tess; Hetty Sorrel's journey and its climax—such pages as these dwell in the memory, pervading feverish slumbers, weighing upon one in waking hours.

It may be noted, indeed, that the sick instinctively dread any strong call upon their emotions; this peculiarity is equally noticeable in the old. Anything that demands intense admiration, deep pity, violent abhorrence, whether in actual life or in the pages of a book, is felt to be a strain to which they are unable to make adequate response. In the feebleness induced either by illness or the weight of years one likes to be gently amused, not violently agitated—even by pleasurable emotions, to laugh in moderation, and not to cry at all. It is the young and healthy who in a manner revel in sorrow and take their joys seriously.

Sick-room fiction is best administered in selected portions; though other rich dainties are forbidden, the plums of literature may be indulged in without restraint. A few, very few books may be read from cover to cover without undue excitement or subsequent pain. Such a book as "Cranford," for instance, or to cite more modern examples, "Elizabeth and her German Garden," or "A Lane Dog's Diary." And I know one author, only one, who is welcome to the invalid in her entirety.

A recent illness was lightened for the

present writer by the sympathetic society of the incomparable Jane Austen, whose works were read aloud to her in succession and from beginning to end, just as she reached the capitious stage of convalescence. What a delightful company is that to which Jane introduces us! Sunny, high-spirited Emma, gentle Ann Elliot, Catherine so lovable in her *naïveté*; Elizabeth Bennet, queen of them all. And then Mrs. Jennings, Miss Bates, Mr. Collins—how life-like they are! Could anything be more graphic than that description of Admiral and Mrs. Croft's drive in the one-horse chaise, the Admiral holding the reins to which Mrs. Croft occasionally gives a better direction, judiciously "putting out her hand" whenever they were in danger of taking a post, falling into a rut, or running foul of a cart? Then the Admiral's joy over their lodgings at Bath, which he likes all the better because they remind him of those they had when they first kept house, a penniless couple, at North Yarmouth. "The wind blows through the cupboards in just the same way."

Not one of these personages but possesses its own individuality. After one has lived in their society for a day or two they assume such actuality that one is inclined to ask a chance visitor if Miss Woodhouse has been seen lately, or: "How does my sweet Ann Elliot do to-day?" One has, moreover, a distinct consciousness of Jane's own personality—one could almost fancy her coming in round the screen, dressed in her brown muslin and carrying her useful little bag. One would submit to the application of any remedy which Jane might produce from that little bag, from lavender drops to hartshorn; and with what satisfaction would one watch that expressive face of hers with its bright eyes and humorous lips!

A recent biographer of Jane Austen has found fault with her for some remarks in her delicious gossiping let-

ters to Cassandra; for one in particular, which describes, if I remember aright, a certain Mrs. So-and-so who appeared at an assembly "the same as ever—pink husband, fat neck, plain daughters and all." In this the commentator detects signs of impending shrewishness, and opines that the removal of Jane and her family to Bath came only just in time to avert that calamity. Dear Jane, how she would have laughed at such an idea! The same chronicler compares her humor with that of Dickens, to the disadvantage of the latter. But why Jane Austen and Dickens? The theory would seem to be worked out on much the same principle as that apparent in certain phrases with which we are familiar in the pages of Ollendorff: "The tooth-pick of the uncle is more valuable than the pincushion of the aunt." Jane Austen was quick-witted indeed, ready of tongue no doubt, and marvellously felicitous in her power of drawing a character by a mere stroke of the pen; but ill-natured—unkindly—satirical! One has but to glance at the pages of "Emma" to realize what she herself thought of such a fault.

Among all her heroines there is but one perhaps who is unsympathetic—the terribly sensible Eleanor Dashwood. Miss Austen has shown her wisdom in mating her with Edward Ferrers, who admires a fine country "because it unites beauty with utility," and who, looking upon a picturesque valley, remarks that "it must be dirty in winter." One feels a certain satisfaction in realizing that this couple finally settled down in a small parson-

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age and never had more than five or six hundred a year.

Those endings of Jane's, how appropriate they are! How well one knows that everything will ultimately come right, and that all the couples will pair off in the most satisfactory manner possible. But this does not in the least spoil one's interest—one is curious till the very last chapter to know exactly how Jane will manage it, in what manner that deft hand of hers will remove obstacles and create stepping-stones. But she never leaves one in doubt. On the very first introduction of Mr. Elliot, though he is represented as a very pleasant and charming man, and, moreover, a person "of consequence," we are made to feel that Jane does not approve of him, and that Ann will never be persuaded into accepting him. In the same way we are not deceived when Catherine is ignominiously expelled from Northanger Abbey; and though she is but a poor parson's daughter, and the subsequent mention of her portion of three thousand pounds takes us somewhat by surprise, we are quite prepared to read on the last page: "Henry and Catherine were married, the bells rang and everybody smiled."

It is the old story over again: the story familiar to nursery hearers, how Sister Ann *did* see somebody coming, and how the woodcutter came in time to prevent Red Riding Hood from being devoured by the Wolf. Perhaps that is why Jane Austen's company is so acceptable during an illness; for the sick, as I have said, have many traits of resemblance to the old, and the old have much in common with little children.

M. E. Francis.

AMERICA AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

No one can visit the United States these days without becoming conscious of a pervasive social unrest. The people seem to be losing something of their

old optimism, of that buoyant, unreasoning, but invigorating confidence that America, in Mr. Morley's phrase, will "pull through." They are questioning

themselves and their future and their institutions with an open-mindedness that a decade ago would have seemed well-nigh treasonable. They are beginning to wonder whether the great experiment is after all so great as it once appeared; or, rather, they are beginning to see that it is an experiment merely. Familiar ideals, established political and social systems, are being brought as never before to the touchstone of fact. The inadequacies of an eighteenth-century Constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems are daily impressing themselves upon the national comprehension. Economic and industrial developments, it is felt, have taken on an intricacy and a varied sweep that are slowly bringing the Constitution to a confusion of helplessness. More and more people are asking themselves whether the United States can any longer be called a democracy. More and more people are coming to see that under the forms of popular self-government, political equality has become the sport of "bosses" and economic equality the jest of a voracious plutocracy. The Courts to an alarming degree are losing the confidence of the masses; the Senate has already lost it. The old parties, the old catch-words, are ceasing to attract. The people perceive their emptiness and are palpably tiring of them, as people always tire of political arrangements that have ceased to correspond either to the instincts of the human temperament or to the facts of economic conditions. Republicans and Democrats with their obsolete mummeries will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the grip of organized wealth. That social protest which was the backbone of Bryanism has stripped itself of the currency heresies that cramped its progress and is now sweeping across the country, over all sections, and with an utter heedlessness of the traditional party di-

visions. Federated Labor, fired by the example of England, is abandoning its timid non-partisanship and preparing to plunge into politics as a class with distinct interests of its own to serve. In city, State and nation there is now but one issue—the struggle between equality and privilege.

President Roosevelt is aware of the danger. His whole policy, indeed, is one feverish effort to avert it. But it cannot, in his judgment, be averted by a mere maintenance of the *status quo*. That is the delusion of the Republican leaders in the Senate. They remind one curiously of the French nobility before the Revolution, not, indeed, in the graceful brilliancy of their social gifts, but in their supreme contentment, their blindness to what is coming, their unconsciousness that there can possibly be any need or any desire for change. If there is discontent, they say, it is Mr. Roosevelt who is primarily responsible for it. It was he who fomented, and in fact originated, the agitation against the Trusts. But for him the clamor for Government regulation of railway rates would never have arisen; and his eternal insistence upon the eternal platitudes of morality and justice, by encouraging the notion that he is the only honest man in Washington, and that whoever opposes him is a purchased tool of the plutocracy, has added fuel to the very fire he professes to be anxious to quench. Such, so far as we can gather, is the burden of the Republican complaint against the President, the complaint that high Toryism always and everywhere prefers against the Progressive Conservative. At Washington it is complicated and embittered both by Mr. Roosevelt's personality and by his tactics. The long fight over the Rate Bill has been neither shortened nor softened by that strain of imperative masterfulness which the President is temperamentally incapable of keeping out of his intercourse with individ-

ual Senators. Still less has it been shortened or softened by his readiness, if the bulk of the Republicans turned against him, to throw himself upon the Democrats for assistance. The spectacle that has been visible these many months at Washington of a Republican President striving to pass a Radical measure by the help of Democratic votes and against the opposition of his own party leaders, aptly illustrates the present transitional stage of American politics and parties. In the end the President has scored a modified triumph. The Rate Bill has been passed by the Senate, and the concurrence of the House of Representatives in the amendments that have been added to it may almost be taken for granted. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, has succeeded in clothing the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which is as much a Government department as the Board of Trade, with power to annul any rate made by an Inter-State railway and substitute therefor a rate made by itself. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt has not been able to secure for this substituted Commission-made rate an immediate effectiveness. The railway company may at once appeal against it in the Federal Circuit Courts, and the Courts may suspend its operation by injunction, pending a final adjudication of its "reasonableness" or otherwise. Government regulation of railway rates, subject to the broadest kind of judicial review, is, therefore, the measure of Mr. Roosevelt's victory.

But whatever its practical value, the passage of the Rate Bill is a considerable step towards the policy for which Mr. Roosevelt has consistently stood. He has always urged that the Government must exercise some moderate, but real and tangible, supervision over the great corporations, trusts and monopolies. Inaction in the matter now means blind action hereafter. If the Government does not supervise the

railways to-day, the people will insist on its owning them in the future. Mr. Roosevelt believes neither in doing nothing nor in doing too much. The immobility of official Republicanism angers him more than anything else because of its stupid blindness to the reaction it is inevitably provoking. But he is not a Socialist, nor does he believe in Government ownership. His rate Bill fairly represents his economic policy—a policy that, while proving to the masses that the plutocracy is not all powerful, is cautious in its assertion of popular control and aims at a readjustment, but by no means at a reversal, of the relations between the rights of capital and the rights of the people. No one, however, can have followed the debates in the Senate without perceiving that his policy squares neither with Republican views as such nor with Democratic views as such. The old formulæ of the parties had no bearing on or application to the Rate Bill. Those who were against it spoke the universal language of Conservatism; those who favored it did so not in the least as Democrats—to Democrats of the Jeffersonian cast of thought, indeed, such an extension and centralization of the functions of government must be wholly repugnant—but simply as Radicals. Moreover it has been made clear that all the Republicans are not Conservatives nor all the Democrats Radicals, and that therefore the irruption of issues which appeal more to men's fundamental opinions about politics and society than to their party affiliations must hasten that process of regrouping on which both Republicans and Democrats are unconsciously embarked. Indeed it has been charged against Mr. Roosevelt that out of the wreckage of the old parties he is purposely seeking to construct a party of his own. We do not believe it, though our opinion is unshaken that the President's efforts to save the plu-

ocracy at once from itself and from popular vengeance must inevitably lead to a re-alignment of existing parties. It does not however follow that Mr. Roosevelt will be the leader of either

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of the two organizations that will ultimately evolve themselves. He is more likely to find himself and to be found by others not Radical enough for the one and too Radical for the other.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Heinmann, the London publisher, announces a new and complete edition of the works of Henrik Ibsen, in eleven volumes, edited by William Archer, who is also the translator of most of them.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce a new book by Rev. Charles F. Dole, entitled "The Spirit of Democracy," which is described as a clear and searching study of popular government. The book was published serially last winter in *The Springfield Republican*.

There is clearly a revival of interest in Trollope. Two American editions of his works are in course of publication: "Everyman's Library" gives a place to "Barchester Towers"; and an English publisher announces a new edition of the entire Barset series. Now why does not some publisher test the public with a good edition of Mrs. Oliphant's stories? Some of the best of them are wholly out of print, but their charm would certainly win for them a new generation of readers, if they were rightly presented.

The recent death of Dr. W. G. Blackie, of the Glasgow publishing firm of Blackie & Son, at the age of ninety-one, removes one of the best specimens of the old-fashioned type of publishers. Dr. Blackie was a man of fine taste, and had a remarkable linguistic faculty, being able to read German, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Norse, and Dutch, besides Latin and Greek.

He had studied at Leipsic and Jena, and derived his degree of Ph.D. from the latter university.

There has just been published a book by Mr. Lionel Decle, called "The New Russia." Mr. Decle is a distinguished traveller; he undertook one of the most remarkable journeys in South Africa ever successfully carried through, an account of which he published in his well-known volume "Three Years in Savage Africa." He was the first traveller to cross Africa from the Cape to the Nile, and also from the Cape to Cairo. The present volume is the result of a journey to Russia in the early part of this year.

Rex E. Beach's Klondike story, "The Spoilers," opens excitingly enough with a pretty girl flying from a Behring Sea steamer just quarantined for small-pox, and helped to the deck of another by two stalwart miners returning to the Klondike. Next comes the attempt of a daring rascal from the States, who holds a judge in his pay, to get possession of a group of mines by fictitious legal processes and take his fortune out of them before his claims can be disallowed. The manifestations of outraged public sentiment are vividly described, and the book makes a strong protest against moral wrong done in the guise of legal right. But in spite of the talent which it shows and the striking scenes which it contains, it must be classed as sensational. Harper & Bros.